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No. 981.

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Stamp Edition, 6d.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.
THE SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will commence in SOUTHAMPTON, on THURSDAY MORNING, the 20th of SEPTEMBER, 1846.
JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.
A Duke-street, Adelphi, London.

SINGING.—A LADY, formerly a Pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, will be happy to undertake the **MUSICAL EDUCATION** of a **YOUNG LADY** or **SISTERS** residing in London, Leamington, &c. Letters will be forwarded to D. O. Mr. Watkins, 308, Oxford-street.

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TO AUTHORS.—THE PUBLISHING SEASON.—November and December are considered the best months for the production of new Publications. No time should therefore be lost by Authors wishing to avail themselves of the approaching season, in making their arrangements.—*Bel's Magazine* says, "We recommend the Author's Hand Book as a good and useful guide to Authors and Gentlemen intending to publish. It is most elegantly printed and embellished, and contains a list of prices for printing, paper, binding, &c." A new Edition of 'The Author's Hand Book' price 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d., is just published by E. Curran, 38, Holles-street.

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MR. JOSEPH ELLIS is desirous of making known that the above-named Hotel has undergone an entire repair and re-organization. In requesting it he has been guided by the experience gained in association with his Father, at the Star and Garter, Richmond Hill, and he hopes to have been so far successful as to have rendered it worthy of patronage. The Hotel not being widely nor favourably known, Mr. Ellis begs respectfully to point out some of the advantages by which it is peculiarly distinguished. Of these the leading feature is in the plan of its construction, which affords to a degree perhaps unequalled the convenience of apartments to the several Families or Gentlemen who may occupy it at the same time.—an advantage gained by means of distinct entrances, spacious vestibule, three staircases (the chief of which has two ways from every landing, width of passages, and the compact arrangement of rooms on suit. Mr. Ellis has studied to turn to the best account these capabilities for comfort, adding thereto what was wanting for completeness in several important particulars. Of the latter he may mention a Sea-water Service in the Hotel, fresh every tide, connected with the bath; and a commodious well-appointed Coffee-room. Mr. Ellis further begs to assure his guests that they may rely on the supervision of his staff, and of uniform modification of charges. There are suites of apartments on the ground floor, and others having private entrance; also, contiguous, Billiard Rooms and a Tennis Court. The Hotel is most elegantly situated near to and facing the sea, on the West Cliff.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
AUGUST 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th.

A STRANGERS' COMMITTEE has been appointed to BALLOT FOR and SELECT PLACES for Parties who cannot attend, or may wish to avoid the trouble of balloting for their own places, and will select the *Best Places* which the chances of the ballot will permit.

Applications by letter, addressed to GEORGE WATKLEY, Esq. Birmingham, will be attended to, if accompanied by a remittance of the full price of the places required.

Application for the Performances of the Tuesday and Wednesday must be made not later than *Thursday, the 20th of August*, when the Application Book will be closed as respects those days.

Application for the Performances of the Thursday and Friday must be made not later than *Friday, the 21st of August*, when the Application Book will be finally closed.

Parties applying by letter are requested to sign their Christian and Surnames at full length, and to add their places of abode. Under this regulation the Committee will be enabled to select the most suitable places, and to ensure accuracy in the ballot or in the delivery of Tickets.

No Tickets for secured places will be delivered out at the ballot, or sent by post. They must be called for at the Ticket Office, Waterloo-street, on or after Monday, the 18th of August; and they will be delivered only to the party in whose name the places were balloted for, or some one bearing his written authority to receive them, which must contain the name and address of the Messenger.

After the Ballot and Allocation of Places, the Plans and Books for letting places will be removed to the Ticket Office, Waterloo-street, at which place only parties may secure places not disposed of by ballot, and buy Tickets for secured places and books.

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J. F. LEDRAM, Chairman of the Committee.
J. STEVENS, Secretary.

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TO CONTINENTAL TOURISTS.
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TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT.
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D'AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE WIDER CIRCULATION OF D'AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

Committee.
Rev. Dr. Chalmers. Archibald Bonar, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Candlish. Rev. Andrew Thomson.
Rev. Wm. G. Tweedie. Rev. George Johnston.
Rev. Thomas McCre. Rev. Wm. Henry Gould.
Rev. D. T. K. Drummond. George Ross, Esq.
&c. &c.

REFERRING to a Circular issued by the Committee of the above named Association and signed by Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Candlish, which has been sent to the ministers of various denominations in Scotland, England, and Ireland, we beg to state:

That on the 30th day of June last, we entered into an agreement with Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, the proprietors of the *Edinburgh Fourth Volume of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation*, to pay them the sum of 1750*l.* for the privilege of Publishing the said Fourth Volume. We were also bound, in terms of this agreement, not to announce this arrangement publicly till the 1st day of August. In the interim, while our lips were closed by this agreement, the circular above referred to was issued, urging upon Clergymen of various denominations to use the most vigorous efforts, and that IMMEDIATELY, to procure at least 20,000 Subscribers, and if possible 50,000 or 100,000, to the Edition of D'Aubigné's work, published by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd. This edition was within these few days sold to the Trade, by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, at a *Forty-four Shillings* book, and is now on regular sale by the Trade at 14*s.*—but in virtue of the arrangement with the Committee of the Association already referred to, it is to be given to their Subscribers for 2*s.*

When we entered into the agreement to pay Messrs. Oliver & Boyd 1750*l.* for the privilege of publishing the Fourth Volume of D'Aubigné's History, we were not made aware of the arrangement which the Committee already referred to, which we now understand to have been entered into twelve months ago. We are not disposed to complain of the Committee's wish to secure a wide circulation for Dr. D'Aubigné's History, or to obtain a large remuneration to D'Aubigné himself; but we do complain that Messrs. Oliver & Boyd did not inform us previous to paying such a large sum, which we could only expect fully to realize by future sales of the entire work, that measures had been taken which will have the effect of rendering our purchase almost worthless.

The Committee offer as a *great boon* to the public, the Four Volumes for eight shillings, and to enable them to do this, they expect all parties to work for them *without remuneration*. It cannot be alleged that this work is made inaccessible to the great body of the people from the high price which we charge for it, as the Four Volumes can be obtained from us at various prices, even as low as FIVE AND SIXPENCE OF SIX SHILLINGS, as per our Advertisement, while, from these prices, to all our Agents and to the Booksellers generally we give the usual Trade discount.

In their Prospectus the Committee state, that "the present plan is the only one from which there is any benefit to be derived by him (the author)." This happens we are not aware, but we think our contribution of 1750*l.* towards payment of the Author should entitle us to an ordinary share of public support, without which the large sum we have paid, and the capital we have vested, would be to a great extent lost.

In conclusion, we will not enter into the discussion of the very doubtful principle of committees or associations interfering with the ordinary course of Trade, but leave this simple statement of facts to the consideration of those who have received the Committee's Circular.

BLACKIE & SON,
WILLIAM COLLINS.
Glasgow, 8th August, 1846.

In a few days.

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These brief remarks were not intended for publication, only a few copies having been printed for distribution among the private friends of the author. In consequence, however, of the intelligence that has just appeared in the public journals, it has been thought advisable to print some additional copies for the information of persons interested in the state of New Zealand.

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Preface to the Second Edition.—In preparing a Second Edition of this little book, the opportunity has been taken of correcting several errors which the First Edition contained. The whole has been carefully revised, and such additions have been thought of as made as the present state of knowledge rendered necessary. In particular, the Tables of Analyses have been greatly extended, by the addition of the latest and most complete Analyses of almost all those plants which are cultivated as crops, as well as of the principal substances employed as manure.—April 30, 1840.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1846.

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Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare. By J. Payne Collier. Printed for the Shakespeare Society.

This is a very remarkable volume. Malone and Chalmers, it was thought, had already exhausted the subject; and no one, it was imagined, would have deemed it worth his while "to ear so barren a land." But Mr. Collier has shown us what untiring industry can accomplish if a man will but write a book upon what he understands.

A separate leaf of the folios of 'Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,' edited by Heminge & Condell in 1623, contains "the names of the principall actors in all these plays." They are twenty-six in number, and are arranged in two columns, in the following order:—

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Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughie.
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Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.

This is an interesting list; and Mr. Collier has brought together, in the volume before us, all that is known about them, all that has been published by others, and all that he has accumulated himself. He has, however, omitted the biography of Shakspeare; because, as he observes, "it has been so recently written and printed by the author that he could have added little to it."

It is not too much to say of the present volume, that it contains new particulars about almost every name of eminence in our Elizabethan drama. Let us illustrate what we state. Of Edmund Shakspeare, the brother of William Shakspeare, all that was known was the entry of his baptism in the register of Stratford-upon-Avon,—and the following entry of his burial in the register of St. Saviour's, Southwark:—

"1607, December 31. Edmund Shakspeare, a player."

This is mere tombstone information, at the best; but Mr. Collier has added something to it,—a copy of the original entry of Edmund's burial, from the monthly account of the sexton of St. Saviour's. This entry is as follows:—

"1607, December 31. Edmund Shakspeare, a player, buried in the church with a forenoon knell of the great bell, 20s."

—meaning that twenty shillings was paid for his interment. "The tollings of the great bell," says Mr. Collier, "were usually, as in the case of Lawrence Fletcher, afternoon knells; and why it was a forenoon knell for Edmund Shakspeare we know not, unless it were that his funeral took place in the morning and that of Lawrence Fletcher in the afternoon." There is no doubt that this was the case,—and the reason is obvious: Edmund Shakspeare was buried on the last day of the year—always a period of festivity, the afternoon and night especially so; his knell was, therefore, rung in the forenoon, that his interment might not interfere with the ceremonies customary on this occasion.

But this is not the only discovery which Mr. Collier has made immediately connected with the name of Shakspeare. In the burial Register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, he discovered the following entry:—

"Edward, sonne of Edward Shakspeare, player: base borne. 12 August, 1607."

No Edward Shakspeare, after whom the base-born child was christened, has ever before been heard of. Could it have been a mistake for Edmund? Mr. Collier thinks not. "The name of Edward," he says, "is written twice over most distinctly in the entry,—so that there can be no confusion between Edward and Edmund Shakspeare; and the latter lived in Southwark, and was buried there rather more than five months after the burial of Edward Shakspeare's base born son." This is not so conclusive to our thinking as it seems to Mr. Collier's. He produces no proof that Edmund Shakspeare lived on the Bankside. His burial is not a proof. He does not appear to be mentioned as a resident in Southwark in any one of those curious 'Token Books' of the parish which Mr. Collier has evidently examined with so much care. "These documents," says Mr. Collier, "kept, we apprehend, in order to show who had, and who had not, received the sacrament, often contain curious and particular information respecting the places of abode of players at the Globe and other theatres on the Bankside." Nay, more than this, they contain, as Mr. Collier shows in another place, a complete list of every resident in the parish; and as they extend, without a single exception, over every year in which William or Edmund Shakspeare could possibly have lived on the Bankside, they prove to demonstration that neither of them resided there. Let us add, that the residence of Edmund in St. Saviour's (supposing he resided in the parish) is of no validity to disprove the burial of his sons in St. Giles's. The son was a mere boy,—perhaps an infant; or the father's name would not have been mentioned, or the fact that he was base born entered in the register. The child, no doubt, lived with its mother, and was buried in the parish in which it died. There was no more necessity for the child to be buried in the parish of its father, than for it to have been born in wedlock to have secured its interment.—But Mr. Collier has something further to say about these 'Token Books' which deserves quotation:—

"We have mentioned the Token Books not long since discovered at St. Saviour's, and recollecting that Shakspeare in 1609 was rated to the poor for the Liberty of the Clink, we were in the hopes of finding some memorandum regarding his residence or that of his brother. In one of the books, indeed, belonging to the year 1607, we saw the name of Edmund Shakspeare, written imperfectly, and subsequently erased, possibly because he was dead; but we looked in vain for the smallest memorandum regarding William Shakspeare. Either he did not go to church and receive the sacrament, or the rating to the poor was not in respect of a house in which he resided, but of a dwelling belonging to him and occupied by some tenant, or in respect of his property and interest in the Globe Theatre. The circumstance of the absence of his name in the Token Books may possibly have some connexion with the question as to his religious tenets."

This is matter of conjecture; and will not, possibly, be cleared up till the nature of these curious Token Books shall be better understood.

After Shakspeare, the great name in our drama is unquestionably Ben Jonson; and Mr. Collier has something new about 'Ben':—

"We may be permitted, before we go farther, to notice two or three important points in the biography of Ben Jonson, that have not been previously ascertained. Having been born in 1574, he is supposed to have been married in 1594, but we have nowhere been able to trace that incident in any of the registers we have examined; nor have we any tidings respecting the death and burial of his daughter Mary, upon whom he wrote, with such captivating simplicity,

'Here lies, to each her parents ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth; &c

We find, however, that at the end of 1599 he lost a son, named Joseph, who was buried on the 9th December, at St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and that on the 1st of October, the next year, 'Benjamin Johnson, infant,' was interred at St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. Another boy was christened Benjamin at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, a few years afterwards, the entry being precisely in this form:—

"Benjamin Johnson, sonne to Benjamin, baptised 20 Feb., 1607."

"The 20th of February, 1607, was 1603, according to our present division of the year, and Ben Jonson lost this son about three years afterwards: the child was buried at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, where it had been christened, and the entry is in these terms:—

"Benjamin Johnson, sonne to Benjamin, buried 18 Nov., 1611."

"We have met with no memorial of the son who expired in 1635, nor of any other children. Ben Jonson's wife died, as is supposed, about the year 1618. He subsequently visited Scotland, obtained the reversion of the Mastership of the Revels in 1621, and, as we apprehend, (but the fact is new) re-married at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the summer of 1623. In the register of that parish we read as follows:—

"Married. Ben. Johnson and Hester Hopkins. 27 July, 1623."

"At this period Ben Jonson was in his forty-ninth year: whether any children were the fruit of this union we know not."

We fear there are too many Jonsons in the field for all to be genuine. For instance, we observe in the first volume of 'The Shakespeare Society's Papers,' the baptism, in St. Martin's in the Fields, of a Benjamin, thus particularly described:—

"1610, Aprilis 6. Bapt. fuit Benjamin Johnson fil Ben."

This assuredly looks as much like a child of Ben Jonson's as the child baptized and buried at St. Anne's, Blackfriars. Yet both cannot be genuine—for here are two children, both baptized Benjamin and both alive at the same time. We, however, put faith in Mr. Collier's discovery; not for any particular reason brought forward by him,—but for the sake of a fact which he forgot at the time—omitting to mention that Jonson was living in the Blackfriars in the very month and year when the child was christened. His Dedication to 'The Fox' is dated—"From my house in the Blackfriars, this 11th day of February, 1607"—i. e. nine days before his child was baptized in the Blackfriars. This is interesting;—and not less interesting is a curious extract which Mr. Collier quotes, for the first time, from the Shore-ditch register:—

"1598. Gabrielle Spencer, being slayne, was buried the xxiiijth of Septemb. Hogge Lane."

This Gabriel Spencer was the player, of that name, slayne in Hoxton Fields,—as Mr. Collier was the first to discover—"by the hands of Bengeman Jonson, bricklayer."

After Jonson, the next great name is Fletcher—the associate of Beaumont. Mr. Collier has something that is novel connected with his name, too:—

"We may here take the opportunity of pointing out, for the first time, that the registration of the burial of the former [the poet Fletcher] is preserved at St. Saviour's in three distinct forms and in three separate documents. In the bound volume it stands thus:—

"1625. Auguste 29. Mr. John Fletcher, a man, in the church."

"In the unbound monthly accounts, * * the burial * * is recorded in these words:—

"29 August, 1625. John Fletcher, gentleman, in the church, 20s."

"The sum of twenty shillings was probably paid, as in the case of Lawrence Fletcher, for 'an afternoon's knell of the great bell,' but in the instance of John Fletcher it is not specified. The two preceding entries would therefore only show that a John

Fletcher, 'a man,' or 'gentleman,' as he is respectively called, had been buried on the 29th August, 1625; but, as we have stated, there is a third record at the same church, which gives a different version to the two preceding, and renders it quite clear that the John Fletcher then interred was not only 'a man,' and a 'gentleman,' but no other than John Fletcher, the poet: it is this:—

"29 August, 1625. John Fletcher, a poet, in the church. gr. and ch. 2s."

It is in a separate book, bound in parchment, and, as far as we can judge, kept by the sexton, to whom, perhaps, two shillings were paid for the grave and church, indicated by the abbreviations 'gr. and ch.'"

Mr. Collier is of opinion that John Fletcher, the poet, and Lawrence Fletcher, the player, were in some way related.—"It is still a question," he says, "and will, perhaps, ever remain so."

Few entries have ever excited more compassion than the often-quoted entry of the burial of "Philip Massinger, a STRANGER," in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark. "Even the memorial of his mortality," says Gifford, "is given with a pathetic brevity which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger. No flowers were flung into his grave," &c. Hear, however, Mr. Collier on this subject:—

"The fact is, that every person there interred, who did not belong to the parish, was called 'a stranger,' and of this fact many instances might be given. It is remarkable, however, that Massinger, though a stranger, was buried in the church, and that no less than 2l. were paid for his grave, knell, and other expenses of that kind, which, in John Fletcher's case, cost only twenty-two shillings. Moreover, it appears, from the monthly accounts at St. Saviour's, that, instead of having been buried on 20th March, 1639-40, as Gifford states, Massinger's funeral took place on the 18th March, 1638-9. The entry is precisely as follows:—

"1638. March 18. Philip Masenger, stranger, in the church, 24s."

This sum of 2l. would rather show that Massinger was interred with peculiar cost and ceremony."

This error is more unpardonable on the part of Gifford, inasmuch as the date is correctly enough given by Wood, in his *Athenæ*; who adds—incorrectly, it appears—that "his body, being accompanied by comedians, was buried about the middle of that churchyard belonging to St. Saviour's Church there, commonly called the Bull-head churchyard, that is, in that which joins to the Bull Head tavern, for there are in all four yards belonging to that church."

Robert Greene, the poet, is said to have left a son. Mr. Collier confirms this piece of intelligence by a curious extract from the register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch:—

"Gabriel Harvey, in his 'Four Letters and Certain Sonnets,' 1592, names Greene's child ironically Infortunatus Greene, to which he was led by its real name, Fortunatus: when it was born we know not, but it was buried in 1593 from Holywell Street, Shoreditch, and the following is the registration of its interment at St. Leonard's:—

"1593. Fortunatus Greene was buryed the same day." [i. e. 12 August.]

The place from whence the body was brought, 'Holywell,' was added by the clerk in the margin. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, of course, mentions Greene's son, but until now it was not known what had become of him: the child survived its father not quite a year."

Thomas Tusser, the author of the 'Five Hundred Parts of Good Husbandry,' lived, at one time, it seems, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. The following entry occurs in the register:—

"Christened. Edmonde Tusser, the sonne of Thomas Tusser, gent., 13 March, 1572."

Thomas Decker, the dramatist, was, it appears from the register, another eminent inhabitant of the same parish:—

"Thomas Dekker, the dramatist, whose name was,

as usual, variously spelt by his contemporaries, seems to have been born in Southwark, where his father died in 1594, leaving a widow, of whom we hear as 'of Maid Lane' in 1596. The poet was married before 1594, and lived in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where some of his children were baptized: c. g.—

"Christened. Dorcas, daughter of Thomas Dycker, gent., 27 Oct., 1594."

"Christened. Anne, daughter of Thomas Decker, yoman, 24 Oct., 1602."

His daughter Elizabeth was buried there on 29th November, 1598, and on the 19th of April preceding he buried a son Thomas, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate."

Thomas Watson, the poet whose sonnets Steevens had the ill taste to prefer to Shakespeare's, died in the year 1592; as appears from the following entry, discovered by Mr. Collier, in the Register of St. Bartholomew the Less, in Smithfield:—

"26 September, 1592. Thomas Watson, gent., was buried."

We were aware, from Barnfield's 'Affectionate Shepherd,' 1594, and from other sources, that Watson was dead in 1594; but the period of his burial, and the place of interment, were reserved for Mr. Collier's discovery.

In the same small parish lived Joshua Sylvester, the poet. Mr. Collier has made the following extracts from the Register:—

"26 July, 1612. Ursula, daughter of Joshua Sylvester, was baptized."

"4 Feb., 1614. A still-borne sonne of Josuah Sylvester was buried."

"31 August, 1625. Bonaventura Silvester, daughter of Mary Silvester, widdowe, out of Proctor's house, was baptized."

The same register records the baptism of Inigo Jones. The period and place of his birth were hitherto unknown:—

"The ordinary biographical authorities inform us that 'he was born about 1572, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, London, where his father, Mr. Ignatius Jones, was a cloth-worker.' That his father was a cloth-worker, is probably true, but he, like his son, was called Inigo. This point, as well as the exact period of the baptism of the great Inigo Jones, is settled by the following extract from the register of St. Bartholomew the Less, West Smithfield:

"Enego Jones, the sonne of Enego Jones, was ex-pened the sixth day of July, 1573."

There are other entries relating to Inigo Jones's family in the same register,—but these we must pass over: while we reserve the "Actors" for a second notice. Poets make actors,—not actors poets. We have, therefore, given the preference to the former.

Father Darcy. By the Author of 'Mount Sorel.' 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

No one who has ever read a line by the author of 'Two Old Men's Tales' can accuse her of being wrong-headed. A passion for truth, as she apprehends it, is accompanied by a deep and tender sympathy for all the sorrows of humanity. She denounces vigorously, but not with the triumphant bitterness of one to whom the handling of the scourge gives a grim pleasure; while the delight with which she dwells upon images of Youth and Beauty, Joy and Prosperity and Repose, is the natural utterance of kindly feelings and a quick sense of happiness—if the written book be a true picture of the author's mind and its purposes.

We are not, however, so sure that the charge of being "wrong-headed" could be as unhesitatingly ignored if brought against the author of 'Father Darcy.' At all events, odd discrepancies in her reasonings present themselves. While, at one time, her page or paragraph glows with rich colours and tempting images, indicating that this cotton-spinning England of ours is a poorer, less noble, less happy land than was the Eng-

land of "the grand old Queen" Bess,—in the next we are shown the soul and body of that time distracted, convulsed, and steeped in blood by religious discord. Meek maidens converted into stony-hearted fanatics are presented, and happy homes polluted by the crime of the plotter, and the "trail of the serpent" Jesuitism. Can our author not see that, if the high civilization which she deprecates has rooted up the May-pole, excluded some holidays from the calendar, and to a great extent destroyed the feudal dependence of unlettered Ignorance upon aristocratic Presumption, it has at the same time abolished the Stake, the necessity for Faith's solemnizing its rites in hidden places, and the superstitions which render the weak like wax in the hands of the crafty? Can she not comprehend that the times in which we are living—wherein Brute Force is yielding, inch by inch, to the bloodless conquests of Truth and Beneficence—have a picturesque of their own; less dramatically obvious, perhaps, than that of the ancient houses or ancient usages of England,—but still, to be apprehended by any imagination powerful enough to raise itself above material things and look into the presiding spirit of the age? To us, such one-eyed clear-sightedness, though a common phenomenon, seems more remarkable in the present instance than in most others. It is more than commonly strange that a mind so honest and energetic should set up its rasp among its inconclusive conclusions,—and grasp them as closely as though they were the axle on which the whole world revolves.

The author of 'Father Darcy' must excuse us for treating the subject thus gravely:—nay, it is by her own invitation that we do so; since her romance professes to be historical,—a tracing of the early history of the characters concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. One after another of these she assumes to have been moulded, for that desperate design, by Father Darcy, *alias* Garnet. With all an enthusiast's uncompromising determination to probe to the darkest depths of Jesuitism, and describe the horror of its influences—with all a woman's earnestness of purpose—she has painted most of the characters, elaborated most of the scenes, in this grim story, with such rich and gloomy tones, as the Spanish school of martyr-painters used—though with far other effect. We will give a picture, by way of example, which holds us with the fascination of a portent;—one of many similar contained in this romance:—

"There is a house in Northamptonshire still existing, and externally very much in the same state, probably, as when it was inhabited by those I am about to describe. It is situated in the neighbourhood of a small village, and surrounded by well-wooded hills and pleasant little dales, but the house itself has an aspect somewhat sinister and mournful; at least so it seemed to me when I visited it. The gardens, which are upon a perfect flat, and which still retain vestiges of their ancient walks and terraces, and the large fish-ponds and stews, lying in a meadow below, are all heavily overhung with trees; and the old ruinous gatehouse in black and white wood, the little ancient church, where the brass monument of the Cateby of Richard III.'s time is still in existence, all carried to my imagination a something sorrowful and gloomy; perhaps the result of those associations with which my thoughts peopled a place, which by the politeness of the present inhabitant I was allowed to visit. The house itself appears to be of the same date with many of the other handsome houses built by the Catholic gentry, namely, about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It is handsome, though not very large; irregular in its shape, and adorned with those beautiful oriel windows and ornamented chimneys, which render the architecture of that period so rich and picturesque. But the rooms are much less lofty and more gloomy than is usual in the mansions of that date. There is likewise to be observed that irregu-

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larity of shape in the exterior, those strange projections and immense prominent chimneys, which furnished the means for contriving those secret chambers and hiding-places with which the house of every Catholic gentleman built at that time was provided.

The arms of the Catesby family are still to be seen over the porch and over the chimney-piece in the hall.

The crest a falcon, and the motto *væ victis*, might almost be thought prophetic of the destiny of the last of this ancient and renowned family.

The hall is wainscotted with dark oak, the panels of which are filled with rude sketches of saints and martyrs, drawn in a sort of terra sienna colour which give it a very lugubrious character.

Altogether, few things can be imagined more gloomy and oppressive than was the appearance of Ashby St. Legers in February of the year 1603-4. The evening was dark and stormy; the wind rushed in loud blasts through the ancient trees, which hung in heavy masses over the garden; the rain fell in torrents and pattered heavily against the small diamond and heavy stone mullioned windows; and the sun might be seen setting behind the church, just showing one line of golden light, under the blackest and most threatening pile of clouds that ever obscured an evening of this description.

It was almost twilight in the low gloomy chamber into which I am going to introduce you. The room was hung with very dark arras, against which, as if to add to its melancholy, were suspended several pictures in the very darkest Spanish manner, and in ebony frames: representing the tortures and martyrdoms of the various saints of the Roman calendar.

There was a black cloth laid over the floor, in place of the carpets which were by this time becoming pretty nearly universal; and curtains of a purple, almost approaching to black, gave a sombre richness to the apartment.

A fire of immense logs of wood was smouldering upon the hearth. There were in the room a stern looking lady and two young children.

The lady was clothed in deep mourning, and her silver hair—silvered it would seem rather before its time—was gathered under a dark hood; her dress was severe in its extreme simplicity, yet the materials were extremely rich and handsome.

Her face had once been beautiful, in a grand and haughty style of beauty; her nose was prominent and well outlined, her brow broad and expansive, her eyes large and serious, her mouth rigid and firm, her chin, scarcely so well pronounced as the rest of her features, straight, but well-formed; the expression of her countenance at once terrible and interesting.

The traces of deep ineffaceable suffering and of anxious care were there—which might have rendered it almost sublimely interesting, but for the stern endurance rather than patience, the deep resentment bitter and ineffaceable as had been the suffering, and the proud, haughty, unyielding expression to be read there.

Tall and rigid in her figure; her hands thin and delicate, veined and sinewed in large knots and tendons, were clothed with a sort of black velvet mitten, which displayed one large mourning ring upon the right hand, and a small one encircling the wedding finger on the left.

She was sitting in a large chair covered with black leather by the side of the window, reading in a book bound, as such books then were, in black, richly ornamented with gold. From time to time, the book, and the hand which held it, would sink into her lap—while her large melancholy eyes were fixed upon the dark heavy plumes of some immense and gloomy fir-trees, swaying and heaving in the wintry wind.

The two little children that were in the room with her were two little boys, her grandchildren. Their mother was dead; their father, the son of this lady—was Robert Catesby. The little creatures looked pale, and their features were sharp and sickly; their large eyes were encircled with that dark black ring which is a symptom of early suffering and decay; they were not clothed in black as was the lady, but in little coats of dark maroon colour, ornamented with silken fringes; and their small open collars were of rich needle-work.

Their appearance was that of children carefully attended to: but their looks were dull and almost terrified. They sat crouching together in a corner of the room, near the fire-place, playing at some little quiet game they had found for themselves; whispering to each other when they spoke; and every now and then casting a

glance at the lady, and round the

room, which was now being wrapped in the fast closing shadows of that dark and dismal evening.

The lady never turned her head to look at the children, nor did she call for lights; she sat, as was her custom, lost in her own melancholy and bitter reflections, watching the gathering shadows of the night that was stealing on. She was a Throckmorton by birth: two near relations had been hers—loved and venerated with all that force of affection which belongs to ardent temperaments—the feelings strengthened by solitude, and excited by the deep mysteries of religion.

Where were these loved ones now? They did not even slumber in a hallowed grave. Their severed heads and mangled limbs were yet blackening in the winter's rain and wind, upon the battlements of the bridge of London.

What follows, needs no explanatory words to introduce it:—

"They crossed the low and irregularly shaped hall, dimly lighted by the lamp held by the old serving-man; on one side of it were two very heavy low-arched iron doors, which opened upon steps leading to the vaults beneath. As the black depth yawned before their eyes, the poor children, relapsing into all their terrors, shrank and held back; but the lady, grasping their little hands as if in an iron vice, led them forward.

Then giving the hand of the youngest to the old man, and still retaining the other in her grasp, she descended into the gloomy cavity below. One small wax candle was burning before another low door, which, opening slowly, displayed a large cellar, perfectly dark, except at the further end, where was raised a temporary altar upon which six wax candles were burning. The desecrated crucifix—that pathetic emblem of the faith of every Christian man, which priestly barbarity has rendered almost the revolting type of cruelty—stood in the centre of the altar; an image of the virgin in silver below, and a few small vases filled with everlasting flowers on each side; these were the sole ornaments. No priest as yet appeared; but the old serving-man, relinquishing the hand of the little boy, who crept fearfully up to his grandmother and laid hold of her gown, prepared to serve the mass, as it is called. Every part of the large cellar, except what was just within the range of the illumination from the altar, was in pitchy darkness; but in the doubtful twilight which skirted this darkness, figures of men and women might be dimly discerned, glaring like shades in the obscurity; which, however, was such that it was impossible for any one to recognise another. The lady with the two children advanced at once into the broad daylight in front of the altar; she was the only person present, save the old servant, that could possibly have been denounced as a secret enemy, had such been present. The blood of the Throckmorton ever despised danger. The lady scorned to appear to seek darkness herself, though the security of others compelled her to adopt this means of celebrating the ceremonies of her faith. It was a scene for a Rembrandt. The broad light of the holy candles fell upon the crucifix, the flowers, the silver image, and the velvet bound mass book, all crossed and garlanded with gold; upon the rich carpet of crimson, blue, and gold, which covered the two small steps which led to the altar; upon the bending figure of the grey-haired attendant, now clad in the Levite's black dress; upon the tall dark lady, with her black hood, silver hair, and large sparkling eyes; and upon the sweet faces, shining curls, white collars, and gold and maroon dresses of the two little boys, who pressing up against her black velvet gown, cast their bright blue eyes with mingled terror and curiosity around them. There was a pause of a few moments. Then—as if arisen from the earth, coming no one knew from whence—the priest, in his rich dress of scarlet and gold, suddenly appeared on the steps of the altar; the voice of the droning serpent was heard issuing from the darkness behind; and the mass was sung."

The character of Catesby, the son of this fearful woman, is maintained to the last with great force: and the scenes of the plot are wrought up in the fragmentary style which our author makes so impressive—and with more than her usual power. Painfully striking, too, is the vision of Grace Vaux; whose experience of cruelty "improved" by Father Darcy to her destruction, converts her into a feverish and

cruel fanatic. This ghostly counsellor, himself, however, strikes us as a failure. We cannot bring ourselves to feel his irresistible influence. In spite of such outrageous improbabilities as those into the midst of which M. Sue plunges the arch-plotter of his 'Wandering Jew,' the Jesuit Rodin has a self-consistency and vitality which the historical portrait, here attempted, has not.

We cannot close this notice till we have, once again, asked the question:—"Why paint such evil things as these at all?" We believe, the distempered state of spirits—the exhaustion after a fever fit—which such books as 'Father Darcy' leave behind them, to be that precise mood which any tamperer with private judgment would prefer, in furtherance of his sinister persuasions. It is upon the excited that Authority works with the largest prospect of success. The instructed, who are encouraged to weigh arguments—the charitable, who believe that no system of Faith exists without some noble principle, however distorted, being therein involved—are the last persons whom the double-dealer, the hoarder-up of other men's secrets, and the fomentor of discords, would desire to encounter. With regard to this particular writer, our protest will probably have no effect against the storm of righteous indignation in which 'Father Darcy' was conceived and executed;—but we must record it, nevertheless, so often as such occasions demand.

Popular Fallacies regarding General Interests; being a Translation of the 'Sophismes Economiques.' By M. Frederic Bastiat, Member of the Institute of France. With Notes by G. R. Porter, Esq. Murray.

M. Frederic Bastiat, the Cobden of France, is an enterprising vine-proprietor in the neighbourhood of Bayonne, and a member of the Council of the Landes. On no persons does the system of protection and prohibition established in France press more heavily than on the wine-growers of the Garonne. The high price of iron interferes with their supply of agricultural implements—the difficulty of procuring exchanges restricts the exports of their produce—and the consequent want of demand for their corn and wine prevents the extension of cultivation. These evils have been long felt and often exposed; but the manufacturing interests in the north of France have such influence in the legislative chambers, that they are able to overpower the just demands of the south; and the petitions of the Bordelais for free trade have been answered by the fallacies which M. Bastiat exposes in this little volume. The interest of the work, however, is not confined to France. The sophisms of protection have a dreary sameness in all times and ages. They have been repeated, in nearly the same words and syllables, in contradiction of Pitt's commercial treaty with France, of Huskisson's relaxation of the protective duties on silk, and of Peel's repeal of the corn-laws. In the American Congress, Spanish Cortes, French Chambers, and British Parliament, there has been a sad identity of sophistry in opposition to principles which are, at the same time, admitted to be those of common sense. Feeling that the cause of free trade is universal, M. Bastiat early evinced a deep interest in the English struggle for the emancipation of Industry and Commerce. He directed the attention of his countrymen to its progress,—by translating some of the best speeches delivered in Covent Garden Theatre and the Free Trade Hall of Manchester, and publishing these under the title of '*Cobden et la Ligue*,' accompanied by an admirable Introduction,—well calculated

to excite the public mind to a more vigorous and consistent support of the cause of free trade.

The work is written in a clear and concise style, and is well adapted for the use of the general reader.

The price of the work is 1s. 6d. per volume, and it may be ordered of any bookseller.

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The work is also published by the Manchester Review, 1, St. Peter's Street, Manchester.

The work is also published by the Birmingham Review, 1, St. John's Street, Birmingham.

not only to fix the attention of his countrymen, but also to assist in instructing Englishmen in the nature and import of the struggle in which they were engaged.

That struggle is at an end; but the fallacies of protection have not yet disappeared,—nor quite lost their influence. There are, yet, those who require custom-house officers to act the part of a moral police, and save us from the contamination of produce which has been grown in a tainted atmosphere. Differential duties are defended as virtuous protests against criminal institutions; improvements in machinery are condemned as displacing labour,—and, therefore, supposed to restrict the amount of employment. We are so far from having reached the time when 'Economic Sophisms' can safely be regarded as exploded errors, that there are some of them which have not yet been abandoned even by those who rank among the most zealous of free traders.

The first fallacy combated by M. Bastiat is one which, if nakedly stated, must be rejected as a palpable absurdity:—the assertion, viz., that scarcity is better than abundance:—

"Do we not hear it said, every day, 'The foreigner would inundate us with his merchandise!' This foreign abundance is dreaded. Has not M. de Saint Cricq said, 'Production superabounds'? Therefore he fears abundance. Do not workmen break machinery? Therefore they are alarmed at the excess of production, or of abundance. Has not M. Bugeaud pronounced these words, 'Let bread be dear, and the agriculturists will be rich'? But bread can only be dear because it is scarce; therefore M. Bugeaud extols scarcity. Has not M. D'Argout founded an argument against the home cultivation of sugar from its very abundance? Has he not said the beet-root can never become of much importance—its culture cannot be much extended, since a few *hectares* devoted to it in each department would suffice to provide for the whole consumption of France? Then in his eyes good is in sterility, in scarcity—evil in fertility, in abundance. Do not *La Presse*, *Le Commerce*, and the greater part of the daily papers publish every morning one or more articles to demonstrate to the Chambers and to Government, that it is sound policy to raise legislatively the prices of all things by the operation of tariffs? Do not the three powers obey every day this injunction of the periodical press? But tariffs only raise the prices of things because they diminish the quantity offered in the market. Therefore the journals, the Chambers, and the Ministry, put in practice the theory of scarcity, and I was right in saying, that this theory is much more popular than that of abundance."

In England, this fallacy is usually expressed by a single word, "over-production;" and it imposes on men chiefly because the phrase itself limits our attention to a single class—the producers. The more abundant any articles of consumption are, the less will be their price in the market; and hence it is hastily inferred that scarcity benefits the producer. But in this proposition the consumer is left out of the question. If it be for the benefit of the maker of hats that hats should be dear, it is for the benefit of the wearer that they should be cheap. Now, there are more wearers than makers—more consumers than producers,—and it is unjust to bestow an artificial benefit on the few by means of an artificial injury inflicted on the many. M. Bastiat, however, has not completed the exposure of this fallacy:—he might have shown that the injury to the consumer is real, while the benefit to the producer is illusive. High prices are not identical with high profits. In the cotton trade, it is notorious that large profits are made by means of low prices; inasmuch as an aggregate of small gains amounts to a larger sum than a single large gain. The confusion of price with profit was long since exposed by Adam Smith; who showed that profit might be as well raised by lowering the

cost of production as by enhancing price. But a system of protection keeps up the cost of production,—and takes as much from the producer himself in one way as it bestows in the other.

Another form of the same fallacy is stated as that which mistakes the obstacle for the object:—

"The shipowner draws his profits from the obstacle called *distance*. The agriculturist from that which is called *hunger*. The manufacturer of stuffs from that called *cold*. The instructor lives upon *ignorance*, the jeweller upon *vanity*, the advocate upon *cupidity*, the attorney upon the possible *bad faith*, as the physician upon the *maladies* of men. It is thus quite true that each profession has an immediate interest in the continuation, and even in the aggravation, of the special obstacle which forms the object of its exertions."

This is the fallacy which is ordinarily urged against improvements in machinery. These diminish the obstacle,—but set labour free to encounter some other obstacle. Humanity is, thus, freed from two obstacles by the same amount of labour which, but for the mechanical invention, would have destroyed only one. Labour is not an *end*, but a *means*. The despot who erected the pyramids of Egypt was not a benefactor, economically speaking, to humanity, because he gave a vast amount of employment to labourers and masons: on the contrary, he was guilty of a waste of labour, and dissipated the means by which the obstacles to human happiness are removed. The invention of the Printing Press put an end to the labour of the copyists,—but did not diminish the amount of employment; for the copyists sought, and found, other labours, which they could not have grappled with so long as they were exclusively occupied with the pen. The universal inclination of men, individually, is to produce the greatest possible result with the least possible effort; because the individual knows that it is the result, not the effort, which constitutes his wealth. But the opponents of machinery adopt the opposite principle; and, as M. Bastiat justly remarks, the *beau idéal* of their system would be the sterile efforts of Sisyphus.

A very common fallacy urged in favour of the protective system is, that the conditions of production are more favourable in some countries than in others; and that the less favoured country should impose protective duties for the purpose of equalizing these conditions. In the debate on the Articles of Union between England and Ireland, we find the late Mr. Wilberforce predicting ruin to the woollen manufacturers of the former country because of the superior cheapness of labour in the latter; and the leading members of the Irish Parliament declaring that all the manufactures of their country would be ruined on account of the superiority of the English in capital and machinery. Protective duties were, consequently, sought on both sides of the water; and a separation by hostile tariffs was said to be a first principle of union. M. Bastiat shows, very clearly, that we do not, by protective duties, equalize the *conditions of production*; what we do equalize are, the *conditions of sale*,—which is a very different matter:—

"Assume that the idea came into the head of some Parisian speculators to devote themselves to the production of oranges. They know that the oranges of Portugal can be sold at Paris for ten *centimes* the orange, while they, on account of the boxes and conservatories, &c., which will be necessary for their growth and preservation, on account of the cold which is often adverse to their culture, would not be able to charge less than a franc per orange as a remunerative price. They therefore require that the oranges of Portugal may be charged with a duty of ninety centimes. By means of this duty the *conditions of production*, say they, will be equalized; and the Chamber, yielding, as usual, to this reasoning, inscribes upon its tariff a duty of 90 centimes each on

foreign oranges. Well! I say that the *conditions of production* are not in any way changed. The law has not deprived the sun of Lisbon of heat, nor Paris of the frequency and intensity of its frosts. The orange will continue to be *naturally* ripened upon the banks of the Tagus, and *artificially* upon the banks of the Seine; that is to say, its growth will require much more human labour in the one country than in the other. That which will be equalized are the *conditions of sale*. The Portuguese will have to sell their oranges for a franc per orange, ninety centimes of which will go to pay the duty. Evidently this tax will be paid by the French consumer;—and observe the whimsicality of the result. Upon each Portuguese orange consumed, the country will lose nothing,—for the ninety centimes more paid for it by the consumer will enter into the Treasury. There will be a displacement, but no loss. But upon each French orange consumed there will be ninety centimes lost, or nearly so,—for the buyer will lose them most certainly, and the seller will also as certainly not gain them, since, from the hypothesis, he will only obtain for the orange a remunerating price. I leave to the Protectionists the task of drawing the conclusion."

Yet this sophism of the inequality of the conditions of production has found advocates in quarters where such error was not to be expected. In the early stages of the Anti-Corn Law League, several of the Manchester manufacturers advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws on the ground that the high price of food in England raised the rate of wages above the continental level,—and thus increased the cost of their productions. They were, thus, themselves the authors of that imaginary connexion between cheap bread and low wages which subsequently proved the greatest stumbling-block in the way of the reform. The error arose from their looking to production, instead of consumption, as the final cause of economic phenomena. This gave an aspect of selfishness to the movement. It was considered to be a question merely between manufacturers and landowners. It was only after the removal of the League to London, when the principles of the question became more thoroughly discussed, that it reached the true grounds of the conclusion enunciated in the *Athenæum* so far back as the 23rd of July, 1831:—that the abolition of the protective system was necessary "if the trade of this country be ever to rest on a permanent basis, and avoid those ruinous fluctuations to which of late years it has so often been subjected."

A very popular form of this fallacy is, that protection is necessary in order "to compensate for the heavy amount of taxation to which production is subjected in this country." M. Bastiat replies,—

"In the first case, to say that taxes place the country that pays them in a more unfavourable condition for production, than that which is free from them, is a sophism. We pay twenty millions of francs, it is true, for justice and police; but we have justice and police, the security which they afford us, the time they save us; and it is very probable that production is neither easier nor more active among people, if there be any such, where each takes the law into his own hands. I grant that we pay several hundred millions of francs for roads, bridges, harbours, railroads; but then we possess these railroads, these harbours, these bridges, these roads,—and unless it should be asserted, that it is a bad speculation to establish them, nobody can say that they render us inferior to those people who have not, it is true, to provide for the budget of public works, but who likewise have no public works. And this explains why, while we accuse our taxes of being a cause of our industrial inferiority, we direct our tariffs precisely against those nations which are the most heavily taxed. It is that the taxes, well employed, far from deteriorating, have ameliorated, the *means of production* of these people. Thence we always arrive at this conclusion, that the sophisms of the Protectionists are not only wide of the truth, but, on the contrary, are the very antipodes to the truth. As

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to those taxes which are unproductive, abolish them if you can; but it is the strangest way that can be imagined of neutralizing their effects, to add private taxes to public. Many thanks for the compensation! The State has taxed us too heavily you say. Well, that is another reason why we should not tax one another still more! A protective duty is a tax directed against a foreign product,—but let us never forget that it falls upon the home consumer. Now, the consumer is the tax-payer. And is it not pleasant language to address him in these terms: 'Because the taxes are heavy, we raise the price of everything for you; because the State abstracts a part of your revenue, we will give up another part to monopoly?'

A clever exposure of the protective principle is contained in the following:—

Petition of the Tallow and Wax Chandlers, the Manufacturers of Lamps, Chandeliers, Reflectors, Snuffers, Extinguishers, of the Dealers in Tallow, Oil, Brins, Spirits, and generally in all Articles used for Illuminating.

To the Members of the Chamber of Deputies:

Gentlemen.—You are following a good course. You reject abstract theories, you are little interested in abundance or cheapness. Your cares are chiefly expressed in the condition of the producer. You wish to guarantee him from foreign competition. In short, you wish the national market to be supplied by national labour. We are about to offer you an admirable opportunity of applying your,—what shall we say?—theory? no, nothing is more deceitful than theory.—Your doctrines?—Your system?—Your principles?—But you dislike doctrines, you have a horror of systems, and as to principles, you declare that there are none in social economy,—we will therefore say your practice, your practice without theory and without principle. We are suffering from the intolerable competition of a foreign rival, who is placed, as it seems to us, in a condition so infinitely superior to ours for the production of light, that he inundates our national market at a marvellously reduced price; for as soon as he shows himself, our waxes, all consumers apply to him, and a branch of French industry, of which the ramifications are innumerable, is immediately thrown into a state of complete stagnation. This rival, who is no other than the Sun, wages such furious warfare against us, that we suspect he is incited by 'perfidious Albion' (good diplomacy as times go), inasmuch as he shows towards that haughty island a consideration which he withholds from us. We pray that you will be pleased to make a law ordering that all windows, skylights, inside and outside shutters, curtains, fan-lights, bull's-eyes, carriage-blinds, in short, that all openings, holes, chinks, and crevices should be closed, by which the light of the sun can penetrate into houses, to the injury of the flourishing trades with which we have endowed our country, which cannot now, without ingratitude, abandon us to so unequal a contest. Be pleased, gentlemen, not to mistake our demand for satire, and at least not to refuse it without listening to the arguments which we bring forward to support it. In the first place, if you shut out as much as possible all access to natural light, if you thus create the necessity for artificial light, what French industry exists which will not in some measure be encouraged? If more tallow is consumed, more oxen and sheep must be raised, and in consequence, more meadows must be cultivated, there will be more meat, more wool, more hides, and above all more manure, which is the foundation of all agricultural riches. If more oil is consumed, the culture of the poppy, the olive, and rapeseed will be extended. These rich and exhausting plants will profit by the fertility which the raising of cattle will give to our soil. Our *landes* will be covered with resinous trees. Innumerable swarms of bees will gather from our mountains the perfumed essences which now exhale, without utility, like the flowers from which they emanate. There is not a branch of agriculture which will not be greatly extended. The same results will follow to our navigation: thousands of vessels will be engaged in whaling, and in a short time, we shall have a marine capable of upholding the honour of France, and of satisfying the patriotic susceptibility of the undersigned petitioners, candle-makers, &c. And farther, in articles of Parisian manufacture. Consider how

many gilt, bronze, and glass chandeliers, lamps, lustres, and candelabras, must burn in the spacious warehouses which will then take the place of our present shops. There will be no one, from the poor collector of turpentine on the summit of his mountain, to the unfortunate miner at the bottom of the coal-pit, whose wages will not be increased, and whose condition will not be improved. Consider the matter, gentlemen, and you must be convinced that there will be scarcely a Frenchman from the most opulent shareholder of Anzin to the most humble matchseller in the kingdom, whose condition will not be ameliorated through the success of our petition."

"God preserve us," said Paul Louis, "from the evil spirit and from metaphors!" There appears to be a natural antagonism between the figures of speech and the figures of arithmetic. People will not endure to have the fraternity of nations based on vile and prosaic interest, with its material bonds of mutual exchange; they must have something poetic and spiritual—some mysterious system of charity—some mystic principle of love, strengthened and purified by self-sacrifice. To some such idealism we must attribute the following fallacy:—

"Among the arguments brought forward in favour of the restrictive system, we must not omit that of national independence. 'What should we do in case of war,' we cry, 'if we depended upon England for iron and coal?' And the English monopolists on their side exclaim: 'What would become of Great Britain in time of war, if she depended on France for her food?' We do not consider one thing, which is, that the sort of dependence which arises from exchanges, from commercial transactions, is a reciprocal dependence. We cannot depend on foreigners without foreigners depending on us. Now this is the very essence of society. To break the natural relations is not to place ourselves in a state of independence, but in a state of isolation. But observe well, we isolate ourselves from the fear of war, while the mere act of isolation is the beginning of war. It makes war more easy, less onerous, and consequently less unpopular. If nations offered to each other permanent markets, if their intercourse could not be interrupted without bringing the double infliction of privation and embarrassment, they would no longer have occasion for those powerful fleets which ruin them, nor for those immense armies which crush them."

This bugbear of "dependence on foreigners" has been so often brought before us, that we may be permitted to add a few words on the subject. The simple truth is, that mutual dependence is the first element of civilization; and that isolated independence is nothing better than barbarism. All commerce ultimately resolves itself into barter. If we refuse to depend upon foreigners as producers, we must consent to forego dependence on them as consumers—and set ourselves to the solution of Bishop Berkeley's problem, "Whether it is possible that an insular empire could flourish, if a wall of brass were erected round the island?" The restrictive system must support the affirmative of this question, or it is worth nothing. A very little thought will convince anybody that the prosperity of England mainly results from her dependence upon foreigners. It is because foreigners consume calicoes that the land of the Forest of Rossendale has increased 41,000 per cent. in value since the reign of James I. It is because we depend on foreigners for raw materials, that Liverpool has grown from an insignificant village into a modern Tyre; and that Birkenhead has sprung into existence as wondrously as the palace produced by the fabled lamp of Aladdin. Dependence on foreigners has excavated the docks of London, and raised its magnificent stores and warehouses. In fact, what Protection menaces as an evil, Common Sense hails as a blessing. The essence of the restrictive system is, to make us pay dearly for the privilege of being impoverished; and it is

maintained by sophistry, because brute force is no longer applicable. M. Bastiat justly adds, that its existence can only be prolonged until the people, the consumers, become the wiser, as well as the stronger, party:—and his little work is likely to have a very powerful effect in bringing about so desirable a consummation.

Hochelaga; or, England in the New World.
Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

THAT travelling Bachelor must be far more one-sided than the author of 'Hochelaga,' who does not relish the solemn sights of a strange land, as well as its wild sports:—and what can be more solemn than the Taking of the Veil?—This is impressively described in our author's seventh chapter;—in which, also, we are led through one of those haunts of pain called madhouses,—a skilful hand and a feeling heart being discernible in the record of the visit. Our rambler, too, was at Quebec during the terrible fires of last spring. But, in preference to his pictures of such painful scenes, we will draw upon his pages for another river journey,—his midsummer voyage to Montreal:—

"We pass Wolfe's Cove, rich in undying memories; beyond it, green slopes, gentle woodlands, and neat country-houses, each recalling to recollection some pleasant ride, or drive, or social evening. On the left, the Chaudière river, dwindled into a tiny stream under the summer's sun, its rustic bridge, and rocky pine-fringed banks; on the right, Cape Rouge, the end of the bold table-land on which stands the great citadel of the west. Beyond it, stretches out for many miles a rich, flat tract, varied by field and forest; and ever and anon the church and village, and, in the far distance, the bold range of hills which shelter these fair valleys from the ice-blast of the north. For one hundred miles up the great river, the scene is the same, monotonous if you will, but monotonous in beauty; the shores all along thickly dotted with the white cottages of the simple habitants. A short distance above Cape Rouge, we met a large raft of white pine, one of the strange sights of the St. Lawrence. It was about three acres of timber, bound together by clamps of wood into a solid stage; on this were erected five or six wooden houses, the dwellings of the raftsmen. The wind was in their favour, and they had raised in front a great number of broad, thin boards, with the flat sides turned to the breeze, so as to form an immense sail. These floating islands are guided by long oars; they drop down with the stream, till they meet the tide, then anchor when it turns, till the ebb again comes to their aid. They have travelled from many hundred miles in the interior; by the banks of the far distant branches of the Ottawa those pines were felled; in the depth of winter the remote forests ring with the woodman's axe; the trees are lopped of their branches, squared, and dragged by horses over the deep snow to the rivers, where, upon the ice, the rafts are formed. When the thaw in the spring opens up the mountain streams, the stout lumberers collect the remains of their winter stock, with their well-worn implements, and on these rafts boldly trust themselves to the swollen waters. They often encounter much danger and hardship; not unfrequently the huge mass goes aground, and the fast-sinking stream leaves the fruit of their winter's labours stranded and useless on the shingly beach. As the evening dropped upon us, the clouds thickened into a close arch of ominous darkness, while a narrow rim of light all round the horizon, threw all above and below into a deeper gloom. Soon a twinkle of distant lightning, and a faint rolling sound, ushered in the storm; then the black mass above split into a thousand fragments, each with a fiery edge; the next moment the dazzled sight was lost in darkness, and the awful thunder crashed upon the ear, reverberating again and again. Then jagged lines of flame dived through the dense clouds, lighting them for a moment with terrible brilliance, and leaving them gloomier than before. We saw the forked lightning strike a large wooden building, on the bank somewhat ahead of us, stored with hay and straw; imme-

diately afterwards a broad sheet of flame sprung up through the roof, and, before we had passed, only a heap of burning embers was left. In a short time the tortured clouds melted into floods of rain. We pass St. Trois, St. Anne's, Three Rivers, Port St. Francis, and enter Lake St. Peter. These towns improve but little: their population is nearly all of the French race; the houses are poor, the neighbouring farms but rudely tilled. The Canadian does not labour to advance himself, but to support life; where he is born there he loves to live, and hopes to lay his bones. His children divide the land, and each must have part bordering the road or river,—so you see many farms half a mile in length, but only a few yards wide. Here in autumn they reap their scanty crops, in winter dance and make merry round their stoves. With the same sort of dress that the first settlers wore, they crowd, each Sunday and saint's day, to the parish church. Few can read or write, or know anything of the world beyond *La belle Canada*; each generation is as simple and backward as the preceding. But, with their gentle courteous manners, their few wants, their blind, trusting, superstitious faith, their lovely country, their sweet old songs, sung by their fathers centuries ago, on the banks of the sunny Loire,—I doubt if the earth contains a happier people than the innocent *habitants* of Canada. Lake St. Peter is but an expansion of the river; the waters are shallow, and the shores flat and monotonous; after twenty-five miles, it contracts again, and flows between several wooded islands. We leave Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu river, to the left: this town is made, by English hands, more prosperous than its neighbours. On the same side, thirty miles higher up, is Varennes, a place of much beauty: a hundred years ago people crowded to its mineral springs; now it is but a lonely spot. A fine old church, with two lofty spires, stands in the centre of the village; in the back-ground, far away to the south-east, is the holy mountain of Ronville; on the summit, the Pilgrim's Cross is seen for many a mile. Above Montreal, the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence; both streams seem bewildered among the numerous and beautiful islands, and, hurrying past in strong rapids, only find full rest in the broad deep river, fifteen miles below. At eight o'clock in the morning we were beside the wharf at Montreal: it is of great extent—reaching nearly a mile up the river, and very solid, built of handsome cut stone. It is broad and convenient for purposes of commerce; vessels of five hundred tons can discharge their cargoes there. Immediately above the town, the rapids of Lachine forbid further navigation. The city extends along the river nearly two miles, the depth being about one-half the length. The public buildings are calculated for what the place is to be,—at present being perhaps too large and numerous in proportion, though fifty thousand inhabitants dwell around them. The neighbouring quarries furnish abundant materials for the architect; and the new shops and streets are very showy. The French Cathedral is the largest building in the New World: its proportions are faulty, but it is nevertheless a grand mass of masonry; ten thousand people can kneel at the same time in prayer within its walls. The town is well lighted, and kept very clean; full of bustle, life, and activity—handsome equipages, gay dresses, and military uniforms. Many rows of good houses, of cut stone, are springing up in the suburbs; and there is a look of solidity about everything, pleasing to the English eye. Some of the best parts of the town are still deformed by a few old and mean buildings, but as the leases fall in and improvements continue, they will soon disappear. Montreal is built on the south shore of an island thirty miles long, and about one-third of that breadth. All this district is very fertile; the revenues belong to the seminary of the St. Sulpicians, one of the orders of the Church of Rome, and are very ample. The Mont Royal alone varies the level surface of this island."

The great lakes found less favour in our author's sight than the great rivers. He describes "the waters" as "blue, pure, and clear, but they look dead. There was a great calm," he adds, speaking of Ontario,—

"when I was there, and there are no tides; the stillness was oppressive; the leaves of the trees, in some parts of the beach, dipped in the water below,

motionless as the air above. The shores are low and flat on this side; the eye wearied as it followed the long even lines in the fair perspective, mingling with those of the surface of the lake; on the other side, the broad expanse lay like polished lead, backed by the cloudless sky."

At Niagara he touched more beaten ground; and of course, there was no "letting" Niagara "off."—But the few broken passages in Mrs. Butler's journal remain unapproached, by the tourists, as suggesting 'notions' for the enlightenment of the untravelled.—With his first volume, our author has done with "Hochelaga"—and merges at once among the crowd of American tourists. We shall content ourselves with merely one or two insulated passages from the second volume. The first shall describe matters no less august than the seat of Government, and a Presidential audience:—

"I admired the capitol at Washington very much. My ignorance of architectural science, I suppose, blinded me to the faults of which it is so freely accused. Two statues by Persico have been lately placed on the left-hand side as you enter—one, of Columbus holding the globe in his hand (the character of his position and face I could not quite understand), the other, an Indian woman, stooping forward to look up to him, struck me as very beautiful; an expression of vague terror and yet admiration is given to her face with exquisite art. It is said that some ladies do not quite approve of the arrangement or quantity of her draperies. At a little distance from the capitol is the gigantic statue of Washington, by Greenhow. The sitting attitude appeared to me stiff and undignified, but the head is the redeeming point. The figure is covered in by a wooden building, to guard it from the weather and from being injured; the latter object has totally and disgustingly failed. Among the minor outrages was the name of 'John H. Brown,' written in large letters on the upper lip, so as to look like moustaches; it must have required some active exertion to get up there for the purpose of putting on this ornament. The interior of the capitol is judiciously arranged: both the Hall of the Senate and the House of Representatives are handsome, and of the most convenient form. The entrance hall of the building is circular, of a fine height and proportion; some historical paintings ornament, or disfigure, it, according to the taste of the observer. I went to the top of the building; as the thermometer was at ninety-four degrees in the shade, it may be imagined to have been tolerably, or rather intolerably, hot on the roof. The view was splendid; but I was not prepared to suffer so very painful a death as being roasted alive for the sake of seeing more of it; one glance round was all I could afford. I then jolted off to the dock-yard and arsenal; both are on a very small scale, and not remarkable in any way, but for the kindness and courtesy of the officers who are good enough to show them. The post office is a handsome edifice of white marble, and the patent office is well worth seeing, being filled with models of all inventions by Americans; many of these are very ingenious and useful, others only complicated means of performing the simplest possible operations. The electric telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, soon I understand to be continued to Boston, is very simply and cleverly arranged; the mode of conversation is much more easy and rapid than that in London, which I have since visited, and only one wire of communication is made use of. The public offices are convenient, plain in appearance, and with but little bustle observable in them. There was no public reception during my very short stay, but I had the honour of being presented to the President. At eleven in the forenoon we arrived at the white house, under the shade of our umbrellas; from the intense heat, a fire-king alone could have dispensed with this protection. It is a handsome building, of about the same size and pretensions as the Lord Lieutenant's residence in the Phoenix Park, in Dublin; but much as I had heard of the republican simplicity of the arrangements, I was not prepared to find it what it was. We entered without ringing at the door; my kind guide, leading the way, passed through the lower premises and ascended the staircase, at the top of which we saw a negro dressed

very plainly, in clothes of the same colour as his face. He grinned at us for a moment, and calculating from the respectability of my companion that I did not mean to steal anything, was walking off, till he saw me, with a simple confidence, which seemed to him too amiable to be allowed to suffer a betrayal, placed my umbrella in a corner before entering the gallery leading to the private apartments; he immediately turned to correct my error, informing me that if I had any farther occasion for its services, I had better not leave it there, 'for some one would be sure to walk into it.' I, of course, took his counsel and my property, and proceeded till we arrived at the door of the President's room. My guide knocked, and the voice of the ruler of millions said, 'Come in.' Before obeying this command, I of course left my unfortunate umbrella outside; this done, I walked into the presence and was introduced. At the same moment the watchful negro, the guardian spirit of my endangered property, thrust it into my left hand with another and stronger admonition to my simplicity; but this time his tone of compassion for my ignorance had degenerated into that of almost contempt for my obstinate folly. In the mean time, my right hand was kindly shaken by the President, according to custom; he told me to be seated, and conversed with much urbanity. I, of course, trespassed on his valuable time but for a very few minutes, and then departed. He was sitting at a round table covered with papers; another gentleman, I presume a secretary, was seated at a desk near the window, writing. Mr. Polk is a remarkable-looking man; his forehead massive and prominent, his features marked and of good outline. The face was shaved quite close, the hair short, erect, and rather grey. Judging from his dress and general appearance, he might have been either a lawyer or a dissenting minister; his manner and mode of expression were not incongruous with his appearance."

The next extract shall display a wilder scene than Washington, and a somewhat more original master-spirit thereof than Mr. Polk:—

"In one of my Transatlantic voyages in a steamer, I met with a very singular man, a German by birth, who was on his return from Europe to America. He was about thirty years of age, of a rather small but active and wiry frame, his features very handsome, of a chiselled and distinct outline; his bright black eyes never met yours, but watched as you looked away, with penetrating keenness; the expression of his mouth was wild and somewhat sensual, with two perfect rows of large teeth, white as ivory; his hair was black, worn long behind; complexion fresh and ruddy, but swarthy over by sun and wind. He was never still, but kept perpetually moving to and fro, even when seated, with the restlessness of a savage animal, always glancing round and behind as though he expected, but did not fear, some hidden foe. His voice was soft and rather pleasing, very low, but as if suppressed with effort. This strange being had been educated in a German university, and was very well informed; the European languages were all equally familiar to him; he spoke them all well, but none perfectly, not even German; in several Indian tongues he was more at home. When still young he had left his country; struggling out from among the down-trampled masses of the north of Europe, he went to seek liberty in America. But even there, the restraints of law were too severe; so he went away for the Far West, where his passion for freedom might find full vent, under no Lord but the Lord on High. Hunting and trapping for some months on the upper branches of the Missouri, he acquired money and influence enough to collect a few Indians and mules, and drive a dangerous but profitable trade with the savage tribes round about. In course of time, his commerce prospered sufficiently to enable him to assemble twenty-four men, hunters, Canadian voyagers, and Indians, well armed with rifles, with many mules and waggons laden with the handywork of the old States. He started with his company, in the beginning of April, for the Rocky Mountains, from Independence—the last western town, originally settled by the Mormons, four miles from the Missouri River. They travelled from twelve to fifteen miles a day through the 'Bush' and over the Prairies, and were soon beyond the lands of friendly or even neutral

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tribes, among the dangerous haunts of the treacherous and warlike Blackfeet. By day and night the party was ever on the watch; though they rarely saw them, they knew that enemies were all around. The moment there was any apparent carelessness or irregularity in their march, they were attacked with horrible whoop and yell; if there was sufficient time, they ranged their waggons round, and used them as nests for their rifles, and for protection from the bullets and arrows of the Indians. Once they were suddenly surrounded by a more than usually numerous and determined body, all well mounted; there was no time to form their accustomed defence; so each man fell on his face; the bowie knife, stuck in the ground, gave him in his hand a rest for his aim, and the hunter of the Prairie seldom shoots in vain; when he fired he turned on his back to reload, thus always exposing the smallest possible surface to the unskilful eye of the Blackfoot marksman. Many of the assailants were slain, and the survivors attacked openly no more. These travellers carried no tents, sought no shelter; wrapped in their blankets, they braved the wind, dew, and rain; their rifles gave them abundance of buffalo, deer, and mountain sheep; and they sometimes had the luxury of wild potatoes, roots, and nuts. They did not burthen themselves by taking with them spirits, salt, flour, food, or luxury of any kind; for their horses there were rich and plentiful grasses. Sometimes, but that very rarely happened, they ate their beasts of burthen, when the chase had been for a long period unsuccessful; fuel was not always to be had, and then they were fain to devour their meat raw. There is one great salt prairie, where some white men lost their way, fainted, and died of thirst. Occasionally these adventurers had lack of water; but when they got five hundred miles on, and into the Rocky Mountains, they found abundance, with many mineral springs, some of them of rare virtues, and a few salt lakes. The peaks of this grim range are here ten thousand feet high, always white with snow; but the company, keeping in the gorges and the valleys, felt no great cold at any time. They steered their course by the compass through the wilderness. Besides the Blackfeet, they had fierce but seldom unprovoked enemies, in the huge grizzly bears. Some of the hunters were dainty in their food and liked the flesh of this monster, and they were very vain of his spoils, the rich fur and the terrible claws: he can run very fast, and may be struck by many a bullet before he drops and yields; he knows no fear and never declines the combat when offered; if he once gets within reach to grasp, the hunter must perish; but, somehow, those white men, weak in body, strong in mind, in the end crush alike the stalwart and active Indian, and the fierce grizzly bear. For five hundred miles more, they way lay through these Rocky Mountains; for six hundred beyond them, they still steered for the north-west, till they struck on the upper forks of the Columbia River. Here they met with more friendly natives, and some of a race mixed with French Canadian blood, besides a few lonely hunters and trappers. Here, and further on, they traded and got great quantities of rich and valuable furs, in exchange for their blankets, knives, guns, and other products of civilization."

Skipping a dry couple of pages of useful knowledge concerning the Oregon Territory,—we will travel a little further in company with the adventurer:—

"Among the followers of the German was a French Canadian, who had been several times over the Rocky Mountains: he was of daring courage, capable of enduring great hardship, and one of his most valuable hunters. This man wandered one day from their encampment into the neighbouring town of Casa Colorado, in Santa Fé, where there are about two thousand inhabitants; being at the time unarmed, he was insulted and beaten by the people, and could make no resistance. When he escaped from their hands, he hastened to his tent, seized a rifle and ammunition, and returned to the town, to the dwelling of his principal assailant. The Mexican saw him coming, and bolted his doors. The Canadian ran round the house, firing in at the windows, vowing vengeance against the unhappy inmate. The people of the town fled terrified, in all directions, barricading themselves in their houses, till some of the other

travellers came and removed the enraged Canadian. Some time after this, at Chihuahua, he was killed in a drunken scuffle with one of his companions; their leader, who happened to be absent for a few days, learning on his return the disaster that had taken place, gave the slayer a horse and some money to assist his escape, and heard no more of him. Meanwhile the priest of Chihuahua had gone to the encampment, and buried the Canadian with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, sending in a bill of four pounds to the German for the burial expenses of his follower, and prayers for his soul; this he refused to pay as he had not ordered them, nor did he think them very useful for the journey either of the departed spirit, or, what he considered much more important, that of his company. He was summoned before the Alcalde, where he found the priest ready to substantiate his claim by the oaths of two witnesses, who swore that the German had, in their presence, ordered all the services for which payment was claimed. As it was an object to keep on good terms with the inhabitants, the money was paid. The adventurer, however, upbraided the priest for unfair play; not for suborning the witnesses, for that was a matter of course, but for not giving notice of it in time to give him an opportunity of getting three other witnesses, for three dollars, to swear the contrary. The priest and the Alcalde, having applied all their energies to getting these dollars, had none to throw away on the pursuit of the murderer; so they did not trouble themselves any more about him. The burning of the Prairies is one of the dangers and hardships to which these traders are exposed. In the autumn the tall rich grasses dry up and wither; the slightest spark of fire suffices to set them alight, and then, whichever way the wind may carry it, the flame only ends with the mountain, the lake, or the river. The heat is but for a few moments, as the blaze sweeps by, but it leaves no living thing behind it, and the smoke is dense and acrid. When the fire approaches no man mounts his horse and trusts to its speed; that would be vain; but they fire the Prairie to leeward, and follow the course of the burning, till enough desolation lies between them and their ravenous pursuer to starve it into tameness. The German once found the blackened track of the fire for nine hundred miles, and could only obtain scanty grazing for his cattle by the borders of the lakes and rivers on his route. In the year 1844 he was delayed much beyond his usual time in collecting mules sufficient for his expedition, and could not start for Santa Fé till the middle of September. There is a low, hollow country, many miles in extent, about fifty days' journey on their road; it is covered with gravel, sand, and stone; there is no hill, rock, or shelter of any kind; it supports no animal or vegetable life, for a strong withering wind sweeps over it, summer and winter. The adventurers have named this hideous place—probably from the wind—the Simoom. Great caution is always taken to pass it before the winter begins; this year they were late, and the rigour of the season set in very early; and, when they were well advanced into the danger, a thick snow-storm fell. There was no track; the cattle moved painfully; they were without fuel, and the stock of forage was soon exhausted. Many animals dropped by the way; and, in one night, a hundred and sixty mules died from cold, weariness, and hunger. Then the hunters, who had faced many great dangers and hardships before, became appalled; for the snow still fell heavily, and the way was far and dark before them. The next morning they consulted together, and agreed to abandon the convoy and hasten back to save their lives. An old hunter, who had served long and faithfully, and was known to be much esteemed by their leader, was chosen to state this determination to him. The delegate came forward, and in a quiet but determined way, declared the mutiny. As he spoke, the German shot him dead: the rest returned to their duty. Leaving orders to his company to remain where they were, the leader, escorted by two Indians, rode back to the settlements: they had but little food with them; the journey was seven hundred miles, and they had to cross many rapid, swollen streams, but he arrived safely, procured supplies, returned to his people, and, after a prosperous expedition, they all came back in safety. His narrative of these events was as free from bravado as it was from the expression of human

feeling or remorse. The adventurer, being now wealthy, went to Europe, with the intention of settling, or at least of spending some time with his friends in Germany. He remained in London for a month, where he met some connexions who treated him with kindness. But the bonds of society proved intolerable to him; he gave up his plan of going home, and once again turned to seek the wild but fascinating life of the Prairie. This strange man was thoroughly well informed on all the political and social conditions of the nations of the earth, in their poetry, philosophy, and even their novels. He had read and thought much: with an anxious effort to overcome this love of savage life, he felt deeply the evil of yielding to its influence, but succumbed. By this time, he is again in the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains, or chasing the buffalo on the Prairies of the West."

Here we must end our notices of 'Hochelaga.' Enough has been given to warrant the book as a piece of fresh, lively, and instructive midsummer reading.

Christianity in its Various Aspects, from the Birth of Christ to the French Revolution.
By E. Quinet. Translated by C. Cocks. Longman & Co.

THIS work, of whose translation the present is a cheap edition, is badly entitled,—but in a way characteristic of the author; who, with Michelet, appears to have undertaken to indoctrinate the youth of France with a mysticism similar to that of Mr. Emerson in the United States, combined with a patriotism specifically national and intensely French. A mind so widely catholic in religious opinion, and so strictly exclusive in its political instincts as M. Quinet's, is seldom found. The treatise now under review is, properly considered, an essay on the literature and history of the South, in connexion with Christianity and its influences. Eloquently written, it appeals rather to sentiment than reason—rather to fancy than fact. The author endeavours, as much as possible, to detach himself from the old, and to recognize the living spirit of modern times. In doing this, he identifies the latter too much with his own individual feelings. He writes of the South, but he writes from himself. We have, accordingly, more of the personal than of the historical in the book; which is frequently extravagant both in matter and manner, because the author has not refrained from exposing his own eccentricities therein. With all their faults, however, this idiosyncrasy is the principal charm of M. Quinet's writings.

In treating of Christian poets, historians, and legislators, M. Quinet tells us that he cannot refrain from speaking of Christianity. The following brief extracts will suggest his topics and range of argument:—

"How is it that the bishop of Rome became the chief of catholic countries? Through what phases did that extraordinary power pass which was so long the very soul of the South? How was that dictatorship of the kingdom of the mind accepted and broken up? Why did the Greek church separate so quickly, and what destiny has this separation prepared for modern Greece and Russia? How is it that the work accomplished at Byzantium has found an echo in Moscow and St. Petersburg? On the other side, I will see how the power of the Koran arose from Judaism and a Christian heresy. The shock and often the mixture of Islamism and Catholicism will show me Spain in her language, laws, and policy; I shall remember having read her poets in the Alcazar of Seville and the Generalife of Grenada. I shall pause with joy at this Christian Arabia. But we should not know the South if we did not contrast it with the North. The great divorce of the North and South breaks out in the reformation; Spain and Italy will then be explained by their opposites, Germany and England. We shall thus follow the grand flood of things divine, and religious revolutions, till we arrive at the French Revolution, where we shall

find the epitome and the seal of all the preceding ones: having at length come down to our own time, we will endeavour to find out whether, after so many divine discords, there be any signs of reconciliation, in the human race. Such are, summed up in a word, the subjects which are to occupy our minds; they are, as one may say, the nutritive ideas of modern humanity."

In examining this vast theme, M. Quinet utters some home truths. On the absurdity of Spain's endeavouring to destroy political bondage while it continues to submit to religious servitude, he speaks out—as, also, on that of the school of the New Guelfs, in Italy. In dealing with the two theocracies of the north and south, he is severe on the Slavonic Pope; and seeks to put France on her defence against Russia. In particular, he warns young France against an insufficiency of experience. "Your predecessors," he exclaims, "have, at least, some shadow of right in wishing to stand still; for they have seen great things, the Revolution and the Empire—and their expectation is satisfied. But for us, for the most part, what have we seen? The Three Days of July. Ah! three days of truth in a human life—that is not sufficient."

Enough is now quoted to indicate the spirit of the book before us. Singular it is, that enthusiasm should so contract an intelligent mind. So much fervour of imagination, one would think, should tend to expand—not concentrate—the regard. All the resources of the soil are brought to bear on a single point. We cannot help thinking that this is a *pseudo* enthusiasm—that it lacks the generosity of the genuine inspiration—that, in a word, it is fanaticism. This weakness such writers as M. Michelet and M. Quinet should eschew. Their influence is great with the youth of Paris;—we are sorry to find them thus perverting it to narrow ends. A more cosmopolitan spirit would sit amiably upon them, and add to their authority with the European public.

Such reflections are most necessary, seeing the avidity with which their works are everywhere read and translated:—they are necessary for us, nor less needful for them. It is our duty to warn the English reader against the study of books that would contract the sphere of laudable sympathies; and it is their interest to decide whether, by doing so, they are not sacrificing their future reputation to present success. In itself, however, a strong national feeling, if it be not exclusive, is laudable; and it is impossible to doubt M. Quinet's sincere desire for the regeneration of social life in France. We dispute only the propriety of the means employed. He is right, probably, in pointing to the future rather than the past—in trusting rather to hope than to memory. We all feel that the world is on the eve of great changes;—and, rightly considered, it is so at every moment. We have, therefore, no very decided objection to M. Quinet's assumption of the prophetic character, properly defined; but to his exclusive pietistic reforms, we reasonably demur. The cultivation of taste in art, literature, and morals, is equally essential. The world has had bitter experience of one-sided reformations:—henceforth, let us recognize a more comprehensive principle of conduct.

The following passage displays much picturesque power in illustrating a logical position:

"It is exactly one year ago, this very day, that I was passing before the port of Palos, from which Christopher Columbus set sail. Let us follow with our eyes that black speck, as it advances through the ocean: it follows a straight unvarying line; it directs itself neither by the land nor by the sky; it obeys the thought of one man, and that man sees beforehand, in his mind's eye, the unknown shore that awaits him. Without any deviation, he lands there, by the

shortest way, and with the regularity of a planet. Never would a man of pagan antiquity have had this tranquil faith in the power of the mind. What does that mean? What is that universe, which, at the call of a believer, emerges from the bottom of the creation? may not this be put side by side with more than one prodigy of the legend? How many miracles are there that the Church does not know! We are surrounded by marvels which change the material world around us; and each of them sprang from a moment, or, more properly speaking, from an act of faith in the omnipotence of the soul over the world. In the moral order of things how many who were lame a century ago have been raised from their bed by one word,—liberty! For how many years of the Revolution were not France and her armies satisfied with five loaves, which were multiplied by the enthusiasm and religion of a good cause! The age of miracles is not gone by, though they are no longer done in the Church; if there are some dead nations, the world will not wait till the last days of the Apocalypse to see them born again. Thus Christian society has been realizing itself in the world since the day when the Gospel appeared. Only one thing surprises us at first, which is, that the idea which one would think ought to have sprung forth before all others, that of equality and fraternity, has been, on the contrary, the last to penetrate into social life. Abstract dogmas become the law of the world; and the thought which is the most cherished by the heart of man remains shut up in the holy book, almost without any application. When, for the first time, the dogma of fraternity shines forth in the Gospel, you involuntarily say to yourselves that the nation will utter a cry of joy, that the slaves and freed-men, the immense plebeian crowd of the ancient world, will, with one accord, raise their heads, and demand, without losing an hour, that servitude should cease, and the divine enfranchisement become a reality: you think they are about to throw down their burden, and take that rank in the city which the supreme law gives them. But, far otherwise; this magic word of equality and fraternity does not seem to enter into the ears of the people; they repeat it mechanically, without understanding it, or giving credit to it. Nobody, as yet, conceives the idea that the franchise of the Gospel can be established on earth in positive law. The slave becomes a serf, and thinks himself but too happy. At that moment of surprise in the ancient world the crowd made no revolution, no efforts to efface the stigma of social inequality. In the beginning of the seventh century the inhabitants of the Italian coasts sell their children to pay the taxes. We are astonished and frightened to see how many centuries must pass away before man arises from the earth, and begins to feel persuaded that what is written in the Book may be written also in life."

The part of the book on which it is evident that the writer most prides himself, is that relative to the manner in which Mohammedanism mixed itself with Christianity, and exhibited its results in the cruelties of the Inquisition. Spain, he tells us, espouses, in spite of herself, the Arabian genius in religion: while Catholicism is impotent to reconcile herself with the East. This brings the author to Napoleon, and the pretensions of the French to be the leaders of a new crusade against Islamism. We cannot, of course, here follow him in his argument;—it is sufficient to have stated it. Nor does he omit the consideration of America and her institutions:—emphatically asserting that "the principle of Protestantism is at length realized in the democracy of the United States;"—nor neglect to give us his own ideal of democracy. In all this we may find much instruction; and the more, if we are careful not to forget that the author is the advocate of extreme opinions. Much vigilance is required, on the part of the student, to avoid being led away by the rhetoric of the teacher. With the aid of that, he may derive profit and pleasure from the present work—while he is learning a lesson of mental discipline in the exercise of that caution which the nature of its composition makes expedient for its perusal.

A Visit to the Antipodes: with some Reminiscences of a Sojourn in Australia. By a Squatter. Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS is a clever book cut short, rather than an Australian journal. The voyage out occupies nearly one-half of the volume; and though the Squatter is pleasantly observant on shipboard, he lacks the power by which Hood could give a relish to the driest crumb of "remainder biscuit," and Dickens can evoke out of a cotton umbrella, a shawl, a poke-bonnet and a hand-basket, a Miggs or a Mrs. Harris. We cannot, however, do better than give one of his Australian reminiscences entire:—

"One morning, after seeing the dray and sheep in a state of readiness, we set out across the plain for the new run. At the slow pace with which the sheep were able to travel, the plain seemed interminable. At last we reached the station. A more dreary picture could not be imagined: coarse, reedy tufts of grass growing on a hard, red crust of soil, with spaces of at least three feet distance between each tuft. The trees, what trees there were, were stunted and scrubby; while all around, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a long, dense, black-looking, almost impenetrable scrub. The hut was partly dug out of the ground, and was roofed with broad paling. A few empty tubs filled one end of it, and at the bottom of one was rammed the remains of a set of harness, together with a small book, and a woman's headcomb. A well had been attempted in front, but it was empty, and dry, and deserted. The wind was whistling through the chinks in the paling, and a cold, cloudy, drizzling mist was setting in. I looked at my companions; there was one expression in every face; they exchanged glances with one another. I talked as cheerfully as I could about its being better than it looked, but nothing seemed to have the effect; and at last I spoke out to one of them, and asked him what he thought of it. 'Very barren,' said he, in a resigned tone; and certainly, for any one afflicted with an exuberance of spirits, and wishing for a residence calculated to restrain them within proper limits, he could not have selected a more eligible spot. In other words, it was exactly the place where Mark Tapley might have been jolly under creditable circumstances. 'A pleasant look-out, this,' said I again. 'It doesn't look to me like the land of the living,' he replied. And so, to tell the truth, it did not. It looked as if every human being had fled from its surface, and left the wild emu that stalked over the plain to roam unmolested. The few solitary crows that came straggling past never stopped to alight, but flew on, croaking as they passed. Three days we spent here, working hard, eating hard fare, and sleeping hard. We had our beds upon the ground, upon sheep-skins. The roof being slight, and only partial, when there was wind and rain, as there often was, it came through upon our miserable couches. On the fourth day the drayman and shepherd talked of leaving me, and there were grumbings and discontents in the camp. Now I had intended going to town myself, to hasten another dray out with some things I should want. I was very indignant; but at length agreed to let them go, on condition that the shepherd was to return on the Saturday evening. The next night Jones and I had the hut to ourselves. I felt lonely. The absence of the other men, rough and uncivil as they had been, was felt; and the day wore on, and we were still alone; the memory of those two men assumed the place of old friends. We talked away together, and rolling ourselves up in our rugs, slept through the night. Occasionally a gust of wind, more piercing than ordinary, would drive through the shed, and make me start up from my sleep and listen for a moment, but I lay down again, and slept as before. And I had a dream,—a dream! It did not seem like a dream; of some gentle beings, as in times past, speaking words of comfort and soothing: when they rejoiced, I rejoiced with them; and when they wept I sorrowed. Suddenly the scene changed; and I was conscious of a number of hideous black faces crowding round me with hostile intent, demanding tobacco. Wherever I retreated they followed; and still the sound of their voices came ringing in my ears with the words 'bacca!' 'bacca!' in a threat-

ening tone. I with this detestable. But I awoke. I was blowing from the spoke of tea and I started up. I passed in this going out with second I went the roof; the my head, I was nearly so, by the the scrub, and more making caught sight of but: I stepped round the unfi in, and hand peering and I left not a com most villainous that ever cam while jabbering sentence of ' conveyed the fectly aware My stand of hammer, and the lumber in the sheep, and the ciadad. reflection equ least sixty m nearest station miles away, an so fast to me, ne two days I tion they cou damper. All upon them pected dray. seem to be un promise of p of them gave of damper an thus a request much boiled I fully refuse commenced requests, one hawk, which I we soon have his locks. I th and they wal they soon af victim sight, from the hut. breathe, I se seeing the fo so sudden, so my reckoning in the day or with narratio very tribe; them, quite this was, ho visit came ne cting charac and I was ag before, they their counter Wtects. Wh in the Engli ppearance den conceived the faces. Pres of the rest. vice. The once to spea under and h simultaneous meaning loc to me, said,

ring tone. And to the last their horrible visages, with this detestable sound, pressed on my troubled fancy. But a cold, chilly feeling came over me, and I awoke. It was a cold, raw morning. The smoke was blowing from a newly-kindled fire; and, though it spoke of ten and damper, was dismal and melancholy. I started up and dressed myself. Two days were passed in this manner; I keeping the hut, and Jones going out with the sheep. On the evening of the second I was busily occupied knocking a nail into the roof; the sun was about setting; when, raising my head, I was astonished, and by no means pleasantly so, by the sight of two blacks emerging from the scrub, and shortly afterwards by about a dozen more making their appearance. The moment they caught sight of me, they marched resolutely to the hut. I stepped inside to receive them. Clustering round the unfinished door-posts in groups, marching in, and handling everything within their reach, peering and prying about, with scowling eyes, that left not a corner unnoticed; they were about the most villainous specimens of humanity in appearance that ever came within my limited observation; and while jabbering together in their heathenish jargon, the sentence of 'no mukata' [musket], often repeated, conveyed the pleasing intelligence that they were perfectly aware of my utterly defenceless position. My stand of arms was limited to a small axe, a hammer, and a rusty bayonet I had found amongst the lumber in the hut. My garrison was with the sheep, and my foe already within the walls of the citadel. This was agreeable. There was another reflection equally inspiring, namely, that I was at least sixty miles from town, and eight from the nearest station. My only companion perhaps two miles away, and far beyond call. They put questions so fast to me that I could not answer them,—starting disagreeable topics without the least ceremony; for observing my saddle in one corner of the hut, by a process of inductive reasoning, they inquired after my horse, and being informed that he had 'plenty run away,' seemed satisfied. The creature had left me two days before. Having gained all the information they could, they wound up with a request for damper. All this time I was enlarging and impressing upon them the probable appearance of the expected dray. But about the damper they did not seem to be under any mistake; so I tried to get a promise of plenty of work to-morrow, which some of them gave, and then distributed small instalments of damper amongst them. This was no sooner done than a request came for mutton. We had about as much boiled as would serve us both for supper, and I flatly refused to give them any. Upon which they commenced grumbling; made a few more moderate requests, one of which was for the loan of my tomahawk, which I had held firmly in my hand, and should soon have thought of parting with as Samson with his locks. I therefore gave a decided negative to this, and they walked away to the scrub adjacent, where they soon after erected a wurlie, and encamped within sight, at a distance of about a hundred yards from the hut. When fairly gone, and I had time to breathe, I felt exactly like Robinson Crusoe after seeing the foot-print in the sand. The whole was so sudden, so startling, that it threw me quite out of my reckoning. The other two men, before leaving on the day or two before, had been entertaining us with narrations of the rapacity and insolence of this wily tribe; and when we were least prepared for them, quite unexpectedly they had come upon us. This was, however, only the morning call; the real visit came next day, and was of a rather more exciting character. They had come in from hunting, and I was again alone in the hut. This time, as before, they marched right in, and surrounded me, their countenances glowing with the most ferocious aspects. When it is considered that many of them, in the English estimate of beauty, resemble in appearance demons rather than men, it will be easily conceived that I had round me a cluster of amiable fiends. Presently one commenced as the spokesman of the rest. 'Give me bread,' said he, in a loud voice. The others seemed all bursting with impatience to speak. 'What?' said I, not appearing to understand him. 'Bread! bread!' shouted they all simultaneously; and one, grinning with a hideously menacing look, shaking his waddy, and coming close to me, said, drawing it out, and speaking through

his teeth, 'B-r-e-a-d!' 'Well, then, you must bring me plenty of wood,' said I. They laughed in derision, and said—'No, no, no!' They then commenced an agreeable and elegant dance round me, which I had a full opportunity of admiring; though I must say admiration was very far from being the prevailing emotion in my mind, especially as I caught a glimpse outside of the circle of two little diabolical picanninies, grinning away to one another at the fun, and saying, 'Ha! ha! eh! eh! Plenty kill um white fellow by-and-by!' by which I felt that their attentions were rather overpowering. An indistinct vision of being roasted and eaten stole through my mind. I grasped my tomahawk perhaps a little firmer, and kept backing, when I had the opportunity, towards the wall. But suddenly they stopped, and in a quieter tone one of them asked again for bread; upon which I took the damper and cut a number of wedges from it, one of which I gave to every individual present. They asked me for every article successively in the hut; and I saw that I should soon be stripped of everything, if I did not make a stand. My courage, likewise, had been gradually rising as their excitement seemed to subside, and I began to order them out. They were now more reasonable, and after awhile, one by one, they went away. Three days after, the other men and the dray came, and that night the blacks left the encampment and disappeared, and we saw no more of them. The next day I removed the flock away to a distance of twelve miles further north, where the pasture was better, and the water more plentiful, and which afterwards proved an eligible site for a permanent station."

The above will be a sufficient recommendation, to all who love light reading, to try this 'Visit to the Antipodes.'

Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic; embracing the Author's Personal Adventures, with the Civil and Military History of the Country, and an Account of its Political Condition before and during the Administration of Governor Rosas. By Colonel J. A. King, an Officer in the Army of the Republic. Longman & Co.

THE efforts made conjointly by France and England to check the atrocities of Rosas, and protect the infant republic which has so recently started into existence in the Banda Oriental, have invested the Argentine states with an interest of their own. The volume before us commences with its early history; but the events (chiefly military) are so commingled with the author's personal adventures, as to leave no durable impression on the reader's mind. Hence, though the object of the work is "to present an array of historical facts connected with the establishment of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, and Uruguay, with an exposition of the horrors of civil contention, and the train of bloody events that have kept those countries, and especially the Argentine, in a state of confusion and terror ever since the establishment of their independence of the Spanish and Brazilian powers,"—we are constrained to say, that this object is very imperfectly attained. The book has, it is true, that charm which only personal adventure can give. "The events that I shall relate," says the author, "are drawn from personal experience, and form a part of my own history,—and in that shape I shall present them. Yet, as the materials which I possess would, if minutely recorded, require volumes to relate, I shall, at all times, avoid such matter as is not directly important to the object in view,—treating the subject, not merely as belonging to my own history, but as the history of the countries in which twenty-four years of my life have been spent, much of which time was devoted to the cause of civil liberty."

The details, we readily allow, are often striking and graphically described;—but in our

opinion they are sometimes too striking and too graphic to be implicitly received. They appear to be intended as much at least for effect as for the service of truth;—there seems nearly as much of embellishment as of fact. The author is, he tells us, a native of New York; who, in the year 1817, at the age of fourteen, went on board the Wyconna, a queer-looking brig, at Baltimore, and in sixty days was put on shore, at Buenos Ayres, as "unfit for service." There, being ignorant of Spanish, and not knowing the name of any one in the city (he might have discovered, we should have thought, the residence of the American Consul), he was in great danger of starving; when, by good luck, he was engaged by a Frenchman to serve in "a fancy and perfumery store." But a comfortable home ceased, after a few months, to have any charms for him; and he sighed for scenes of more active effort. Fate was as propitious to his wishes as to those of Young Norval. At his master's house he met with "an officer of high rank in the service of the republic;" who, being made acquainted with his heroic aspirations, said to him one day,—

"My young friend, would you like to enter the army of the republic?" Almost choking with joy, I replied,—'Señor, nothing would delight me more.' 'Very well,' said he; 'I will see if I can obtain a flag for you.' A flag! thought I, as the officer left the house. Is it possible that I am to have a commission! and with the rank of Bandero at the first step! I made no attempt to conceal my delight, or to check the visions of glory that flitted across my imagination. The officer was true to his promise, and two or three days after this interview, the Supreme Director, Puredon, placed in my hands my commission, with the words, 'Go, now, young man, and make your own way up the ladder of fortune.'"

Despatched to Santa Fé, and presented by General Ramirez with an ensign's commission in his own corps, our adventurer learned that the enemy he was to oppose was General Artigas; whom the Spaniards had excited to a successful revolt:—

"'Anglo-American,' said Ramirez to him, 'the recommendations that you bring have given us great confidence in you. I hope you are a true patriot.' 'General,' I replied, 'let my actions show to my countrymen that I am always ready to fight for liberty.' 'It is very well,' said he; 'you are now going to fight against the General Artigas.' 'Artigas?' said I. 'Yes; the monster who gives no quarter to the officers of an enemy when made prisoners.' 'Then we must fight our way, and not become prisoners,' I replied. 'True; but do you know his mode of disposing of those who fall into his hands?' 'I have been told that he sews them in raw hides, and leaves them in the sun to perish.' 'You have been told rightly, and now know what will be your fate if taken by him in battle.'"

Against this dreaded enemy, then, he had soon an opportunity of flashing his maiden sword; and he had the satisfaction of witnessing the monster's expulsion into Paraguay. But other monsters remained behind. Having assisted in driving out of Buenos Ayres the Director Puredon, who had fallen under the suspicions of a party, he formed part of a division (still headed by Ramirez) destined to act against General Carrere, a Chilean gentleman, intent on establishing a republic in that province. With the causes which led the government of Buenos Ayres to look with ill-will on the projected independence of Chili, our author does not acquaint us; probably because he knew them not;—but his division was soundly beaten, himself wounded, and the survivors were compelled to a hasty retreat, at the Punta de San Luis, in the province of Mendoza. In a subsequent skirmish, he became a prisoner; and lived awhile in the agreeable anticipation of being, at any moment, called out "to have his throat cut." Though, however, privations and

sufferings of every kind were his lot, he was fortunate enough to escape with his life, and even to recover his liberty. His military ardour was considerably cooled, when he found that hunger and thirst, nakedness and wounds, were the only recompences which he had to expect for his services. He rose in rank, it is true; but where rations and pay were alike hopeless, such distinctions were of no great value. At one time, "the gallant lieutenant" was glad to support himself by the exhibition of a magic lantern to the amazed rustics of the republic. Then, we find him in Upper Peru, with the title of captain,—assisting to revolutionize that country. There, he became major, with a rapidity of promotion which, nevertheless, brought him no advantage of any kind; while the failure of an attack on Carripaee again led to a disastrous retreat. To escape being taken by the Spaniards, the fugitives plunged into the woods; and, after wandering a whole month, fell in with a primitive tribe of Indians, who inhabited a solitary district, cut off from the world and its vices. These were the Chiriviones; of whom we have a glowing account:—

"We found here a people, numbering about two thousand, and living almost in the primitive simplicity of nature, inoffensive and happy; their home a seeming paradise, and their wants but few and easily gratified. Their women were perfectly beautiful, with skins clear and transparent, softened only by the colour of their clime; their features oval; and without the high cheek-bone of the North American Indians; their graceful forms, which had never known the restraint of stay or bodice; their lithe and active limbs; and, above all, an air of chaste and modest purity, commanded alike the admiration and respect of our whole company. Although living in five distinct communities, each of which planned and executed its own municipal regulations, the whole planted, reaped and shared their subsistence in common. They were, in fact, one common brotherhood, acting in perfect unison of attachment, and each contributing its quota to the general good. Their huts were built of logs, thatched with long grass, and without any floor except the earth, yet they were always kept surprisingly clean. In a corner of each hut was placed a large earthen jar, (which they manufactured among themselves,) measuring about four feet in depth, and nearly the same in diameter, in which was made a beverage called by them *chichi*. The drink was made by the fermentation of maize, and bore a strong resemblance to pure ale. Their villages were all built upon high knolls, at distances of about a quarter of a mile; and at about the eighth of a mile from the nearest a spot was pointed out to us for our own head-quarters. Nevertheless, though we cooked, ate and slept, by ourselves, we were permitted very soon to visit their different villages, and mingle indiscriminately with their people, receiving from them at all times the most perfect hospitality and kindness. Like all primitive people, they had their superstitions, one of the most singular of which was, that if they should eat the flesh of sheep, their noses would become flat, like what are called *neatoes*. Being ourselves free from this dread, we did not hesitate to pay respect to their mutton, which was furnished in abundance. Another of their fantasies was, that they must never fight between the evening and the morning, lest the spirit of the night should be offended and destroy their warriors. This proved a fortunate circumstance to us, as will be seen in the sequel. The beauty and health of their place of settlement were much enhanced by the dashing and limpid waters of the Pilcomayo, a considerable stream, which wound directly among their villages, and in which it was the custom of both sexes to bathe, at least once every morning, and generally once also at evening. I have often reclined upon the soft and verdant bank at the side of the river, and watched them in their periodical ablutions: the old and the young gliding with the utmost grace and ease, and sporting in the clear element, their forms flashing in the sunlight, and their pliant limbs imparting the very eloquence of motion. I believe that I was the first foreigner who had ever been among them, so at least they informed me; and

their inoffensive life and simplicity of manner charmed me much. I felt more than once that here was found the first scene of real, unalloyed happiness, that I had ever witnessed; and I thought, too, that to live thus, a man might well forego the luxuries of civilization, which, with all their splendour, pomp, honour and fame, are ever embittered with poisons worse than that of the upas. Here was no guile, no selfish considerations to enslave the mind and warp the conscience, no aspirations for a higher destiny, but all was contentment and peace; and I was almost tempted to say that henceforth 'their people should be my people, that their God should be my God.' By their knowledge of the Spanish language, I was enabled to converse with them so as to be readily understood; and, on one occasion, I broached the subject of religion to one of their chiefs, and asked him if he would not like to become a Christian, and see his people converted? His reply was truly characteristic. Speaking in a low tone, and slowly shaking his head, he said, 'Christian! no, no. Christian very bad—Christian fight his brother. Chirivione fight his enemy—Chirivione live happy.'"

Of this people we, too, have heard—and from one gentleman at least (a native Peruvian) whose authority we rate higher than Col. King's. It is a melancholy truth that, wherever civilized men come into contact with barbarian life, they sully, and finally corrupt, it. So it was with the retreating party before us. Neither gratitude for the hospitality received, nor respect for the primitive virtues of the people, could prevent one of the officers from seducing an Indian maiden. The result was a conspiracy to destroy the strangers; and but for the timely warning of the wronged maiden herself, not a man would have escaped. They fled while "the spirit of the night" was ruling the world; and to the superstition already noticed, more even than to the poor girl's warning, owed their preservation.—A very different tribe came next in our adventurer's way:—

"Near San Francisco was a tribe of Indians, known as the Mattacas. They often visited us in small numbers; and I occasionally amused myself by going into their camp, and studying their habits and customs, which afforded a strong contrast to those of my friends the Chiriviones. The one was cleanly, almost to religious scrupulosity; the other in the opposite extreme. This tribe, unlike any other race of men, had a man for their deity; and this is always the oldest member of the tribe. But in order that their deity shall not become commonplace, and lose the devotional respect that is due to his character as a god, he is required by their tenets to absent himself from his tribe, and become a recluse, never appearing to them except at certain stipulated periods. In case of his non-appearance at the appointed time, he is accounted dead, and the next oldest takes his place. I was present at one of these periodical visitations; when the deity no sooner appeared, than all present fell upon their faces in the most abject humility. He remained among them one or two days, giving counsel, and inquiring about their necessities, and again disappeared. Their mode of courtship and marriage is brief and singular, yet differing but little from the manner of some of our North American tribes. Thus, whenever a Mattaca becomes touched with the tender flame, he takes some convenient mode of signifying the same to his 'object'; but the method of 'popping the question' is by placing before her door at night a bundle of sticks. If the sticks are taken and burned, he is accepted, and the marriage ceremony is over; he has nothing more to do but take his wife. If, however, he finds the bundle of sticks lying in the morning where he placed them at night, he takes his fuel, and goes in search of another *dulcinea*."

We confess that we have not faith enough to swallow this story of the man-god. Nor are we altogether disposed to rely implicitly on the Colonel's statement of the manner in which he lost his high military grade:—

"I was in the market-place, as before stated, in conversation with my friend, awaiting the arrival of my servant, and expecting every moment to hear the tinkle of the bell attached to his mule. The sound

of a bell at length reached my ear, but I was in earnest conversation and gave it no heed, when suddenly I received a blow from behind, which threw me a little forward, and knocked my *garro* into the dirt. I turned to resent the insult, and met the frown of an exasperated friar. He was preceding the host, accompanied by his guard, from the musket of one of whom I had received the blow. But, as I always scrupulously conformed, outwardly at least, to the customs of the country, I instantly fell upon my knees, by the side of my friend, who had discovered the cause of our interruption in time to escape the holy displeasure of the advanced guard of the host."

But this attempt to repair his error was availing. A week afterwards he was arrested, and consigned to a loathsome dungeon; nor could the efforts of his friends obtain his enlargement:—

"For three months I had been in this horrible confinement, which had almost deprived me of reason, when one night I was awakened from a feverish slumber, by the drawing of bolts at my prison door. Lifting my head, I saw, indistinctly, the form of a friar, with his cowl closely drawn, and holding in his hand a lamp, whose flickering flame served only to make more dreary the desolation of my prison. As he entered, the door was closed and bolted behind him. Resting on my elbow, I looked upon him from the dark corner where I lay, without speaking a word; but, as I gazed, the thought, 'Is this an angel of light, or an angel of darkness?' crossed my mind. Throwing back his cowl, and shading with his hand the light from his eyes, he looked for a moment, with a straining effort, into the dark recess; then, without moving further, pronounced my name. I at once recognized the man whom I had encountered at the market-place, and on whose complaint I had been thrown into this gloomy dungeon; and I replied, in a bitter tone—'Well, holy father, what would you have of me now?' 'My son,' said he, 'this is no hour for irreverent blasphemy: but I forgive you. The punishment of your crime has already exceeded my intent; yet I fear the worst has not arrived.' 'Well, I can bear it all, be it what it may. My life and these walls have become wedded: if I should part with them at the same time, it would not go hard with me.' 'My son!' said he, in an exclamation of reproof. 'Look at me,' I continued, 'and answer to my bones, which speak to you through the parched skin, whether it is possible for you to make a punishment of death. The poor machinery of my body, worn as it is by sickness and distress, hangs together but by a single thread, which barely keeps the soul within its tenement. 'Twould not cause one pang to sever it.' 'Still I would save you, though I fear it is too late. The people are greatly excited towards you, and whether you shall die or suffer banishment to Casas Matar, is not yet determined.' 'If I die on this issue, you may account yourself my murderer,' I replied, in a calm but decided tone. 'I can prevent such a catastrophe,' said he, 'on one condition, which is in your power to meet.' 'And what is that condition, holy father?' 'Remember, my son, that your life is dear to those who love you in a distant land. Think of them, my son, and for their sake strive to preserve it.' 'But the condition, holy father; what is the condition?' 'That you become a Catholic.' 'Friar, you do not know me. My life is scarce worth the holding at any price; surely, I will not buy it so dearly as that. Will nothing but apostasy serve me in my extremity?' 'Nothing but that can save you.' 'Then let me die!' 'At least you will say you are a Catholic, that I may tell it to the holy fathers, and thus subdue your enemies; say that, and your prison doors are open.' 'Father, I will not even lie to save a wretched life. While I have sojourned in your country, I have observed all the requirements of your public customs and ceremonies. I have fought for your country, I have bled for it, I have suffered for it, and now I am ready to die, if it please ye; but, if it must be so, I will die as I have lived—a man of honour!' 'You will not say it?' 'No!' Crossing himself devoutly, he said—'Then I will;' and with these words he left the cell."

In seventeen days afterwards, as the writer tells us, he was liberated. We have doubts, as we said, of this story. It is too connected in its parts—too cunningly arranged—too self-laudatory—too the great suspicion. Of the volume in the volume, he rivals Roan to do to the particular, w in scenes like "Fora more and as a further Bona, in the y to be mounted in, and thus This instrument the wives and and at other selves. The c of noisy wretche seemed about, 'Unstirred' (life Unstirred). bition of this, stand and c named, did not the list of eno from church tained by the respect. It w said the sound was consecr celebration of by the side of negligent fear through fear a mery was con star, viz. till 11 ject of this imp his hands in th Rossa has himself in the follow in the follow to decide:— "This young all the sang She has been lumps of his v in the yard, a cutting of the t tion, as mere in his househ head mortuar they are more ever this young flour from h follows to pl mounting astr and, with her ludicrous post humour, times." Of the gal adventures, boly his c This is simp his imprisonment, he had but kept ac and ruined told, a lady and, after h York, with h we have giv a certain in conferred by

No 981] The Gastr- ously New A. Sayer, of with such an "degenerator" of the Reform Book, if su with Eight lang among

story—too theatrical—to be received without great suspicion.

Of the monster Rosas, we have details enough in the volume before us. That in bloody ferocity he rivals Robespierre, there seems too little reason to doubt:—yet, we hesitate to believe that the populace in general, or the clergy in particular, were so far degraded as to be actors in scenes like the following:—

"For a more effectual establishment of his authority, and as a further means of intimidation to the weak, Rosas, in the year 1839, caused a portrait of himself to be mounted in gorgeous trappings upon a triumphal car, and thus drawn through the streets of the city. This instrument of tyranny was sometimes drawn by the wives and daughters of the men of the *Massorca*, and at other times it was drawn by the men themselves. The car was always followed by a procession of wretched wretches, who rent the air with the ac-

cented shout, '*Vive la Federación; mueran los salvajes Unitarios*.' But this was not all: the mere exhibition of this picture to the populace, with the attendant and disgusting paraphernalia that I have named, did not suffice; sacrilege must be added to the list of enormities. The picture was conveyed from church to church, at each of which it was received by the priests with a show of even devotional respect. It was conveyed through the sacred aisles amid the sounds of the organ, anthems, and prayer; it was consecrated with incense, decorated for the celebration of high mass, and placed upon the altar by the side of the crucified Saviour; and thus, with sacrilegious rites and disgusting hypocrisy, worshipped through fear almost as a deity. This wicked mummery was continued from time to time during my stay, viz. till 1841, during all of which time the subject of this impious adulation was continually washing his hands in the blood of the people."

Rosas has a daughter, who is said to resemble himself in ferocity. What truth there may be in the following relation, we shall not attempt to decide:—

"This young woman seemed to partake fully of all the sanguine and vicious traits of her father. She has been known to sport with the decapitated heads of his victims as they have lain upon the ground in the yard, and to look upon an execution, or the cutting of a throat, if such can be called an execution, as mere pastime. Rosas, it is well known, kept in his household, after the manner of the iron-fisted monarchs of old, a couple of jesters, or, as they are more commonly termed, *fools*; and whenever this young lady wished to obtain an especial favour from her father, she would get one of these fellows to place himself on 'all fours,' and then, mounting astride his back, would ride into his presence, and with mock humility present her petition. Her ludicrous attitude always put the Dictator in a good humour, and secured the wishes of the petitioner."

Of the gallant Colonel himself, in his personal adventures, we have taken less notice than probably his own vanity would have desired. This is simply because we distrust him.—After his imprisonment by the Church, as he assures us, he had no further military experience; but kept aloof from the factions which divided and ruined the republic. He married, we are told, a lady of some wealth in the Argentine; and, after her death, in 1841, returned to New York, with his eldest son. The extracts which we have given, will show that his book possesses a certain interest:—but it is wanting in that conferred by evident truth.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Gastronomic Regenerator: a Simplified and entirely New System of Cookery, &c. By Monsieur A. Soyer, of the Reform Club.—A simplified system with such an indigestible title as '*The Gastronomic Regenerator*!'—How, then, would 'Mons. A. Soyer, of the Reform Club,' christen a Refined Cookery-book, if such be his simplicities? Here we start with Eight Foundation Sauces,—find ourselves ere long among Potages (those *ignes fatui* to poor

travelling English folk turned loose, for the first time, into the labyrinths of a French *carte*), Poissons, Hors d'Œuvres, Flanes, Entrées, (let us name one at random to tempt those who love simple eating—*Caisse de ris de Veau à la Ninon d'Enclos*!) Entremets, Removes, (we pause to specify another rare thing which has caught our glance, *Cérise's Sultane Sylphe à la Fille de l'Orage*!)—and so forth, till we come to the apple of M. Soyer's eye—his pet invention—a '*Service Pagodatique*.' Then, follows a record of the cardinal triumph of his life, in the '*Diner Luculian à la Sampayo*,' given at the Reform Club, on the 9th of May, 1846:—afterwards, a pair of wonderful illustrations; the one representing Dives at table surrounded by his guests (with a *posy* or motto, beneath), the other M. Soyer himself, among his more modest convives,—to which last is appended a verse of culinary gallantry too touching to be omitted, *Une réunion gastronomique sans dames, est un parterre sans fleurs.*

L'Océan sans flots, une flotte maritime sans voiles. Lastly, come a memoir of the late Madame Soyer, and an account of her monument at Kensal Green, which was inaugurated by some of Mr. Lumley's *corps de ballet*! Why should a thoroughly experienced cook and a respectable man like M. Soyer, have served up his experience and his respectability with such a whimsical sauce as they are here smothered in? Apart from its real value as a manual of the art, this '*Gastronomic Regenerator*' is, after its kind, almost a rich reading as one of those antique receipt books kept by the Lady Lisles or Lady Willoughbys; in which "a pleasant marmalade of quinces" stood cheek by jowl with "How to Cure Jealousie," and other medicinal prescriptions and alchemical conjurations.

Language in Relation to Commerce, Missions and Government. England's Ascendancy and the World's Destiny. By Eis Eclectikwn.—If the reader have any wish to be gloriously "bumped with words," let him wade through this tiny book. The author is indeed εἰς ἐκλεκτικὴν—one of the bright ones—and deserves to be better known. No other man, perhaps, could string together so many words without a glimpse of common sense—or sense of any kind.

Musings of a Musician: a Series of Popular Sketches, Illustrative of Musical Matters and Musical People. By H. C. Lunn.—If we mistake not, some of these '*Popular Sketches*' have already appeared in one of the musical periodicals. Their republication must not pass without a word of kindly welcome. We are glad to see any musician using his pen within other barriers than those of the "stave," arranging his thoughts with regard to his art,—and harmonizing (so to say) the concord and dissonances produced by its contact with a society made up of every degree of intelligence. Though not profound, these '*Musings*' give us the impression of versatile ingenuity and—what is better—ingenuousness, on the part of their writer. We will close with a piece of counsel which sounds oddly enough as addressed to a musical musér—*Let him beware of crotchets!*

The Child's Vision; or, the Angel and the Oak. By the Author of '*The Priestess*.'—It was not a bad idea to make an old English Oak talk to a child: not, of course, on such delicious topics as Mr. Tennyson's fern-girdled monarch of Summer Chase discussed; but concerning the ancient times of the Druids,—the death of William Rufus,—and the hiding of King Charles. We must protest, however, against the polemics and the politics inculcated by the Angel, while displaying the "deeds of the days of other years." The virtues of the King, the vices of the Protector, are not quite to be settled by a few big epithets:—and we grieve to see a poetical fancy pressed into the service of party prejudice.

An Easy Guide to Geography and the Use of the Globes. By Charles Butler.—This is truly what it professes to be,—an 'easy guide.' At the same time it is methodical; and, though compendious, by no means deficient in comprehensiveness. The questions on each chapter are well adapted to the object of the author,—the inculcating as large and sound a portion of geographical knowledge as the very young mind (the volume is evidently intended for the youngest class of learners) is capable of receiving. We recommend it, without hesitation.

The Three Students of Gray's Inn. By William Hughes, Esq.—Save for one of those rainy days

when the critic with a groan applies himself to dealing with the dead weight on his library shelves, these '*Three Students*' must needs have remained unstudied. A duller production, calling itself comic, seldom comes before us. We did our best to keep the fortunes of Price, Thompson, Dawkins, Dobson, &c. distinct; and to maintain a virtuous indignation—as bespoke—against one rascally Mr. Cobrobyn: but "distressful Nature fainting sank;"—and now we know not clearly, within a few hours after closing the weary tale, which is the Justice, which the thief, which the Narcissus, and which the Hercules,—beyond the naked fact that Jack Price, an off-hand youth, who always lighted on his feet, and was charmingly addicted to saluting young ladies at country tea-parties, was the hero and married the heroine.

Revenge; or, the History of Arthur Phillips. By R. Bedingfield, Esq.—Till we saw the title-page of this book, we were unacquainted with the name of the author—albeit he is there announced to be father of '*The Miser's Son*,' '*The Peer and the Blacksmith*,' '*Crime*,' '*Moll Cutpurse*,' and we know not how many other works provided for in two *et ceteras*. There has been always a school of Romance for the world below stairs, by which the most professed of novel readers never benefited: and we presume that the goodly train of tales catalogued above succeeds to '*The Cottage on the Cliff*,' '*The Farmer of Inglewood Forest*,' and others of the race referred to.—To review '*Revenge*' seriously, were to waste pen, paper, and patience. It is not worse than certain productions which come before us in the dignity of three volumes, post octavo;—but it would give us real satisfaction to see the day when every class of readers had got beyond reading so utterly worthless.

The Latin Tyro's Guide; or, First Step towards the Acquisition of Latin. By George Jackson.—Very easy and very progressive:—more so than any other book of the kind that we have seen, save one; and of that one, published some twenty years ago, we are convinced that Mr. Jackson knows more than he has chosen to acknowledge.

The Abbess of Shaftesbury; or, the Days of John of Gaunt.—We are sorry that this is so dull a tale: having been obliged to read it ourselves,—and fearing that the general public will not be able to do so. The author's pleasant recollections of the manor house of Lyddington, North Wiltshire, have led him (or her?) to call up the doctry deeds of Sir Raymond de Fyscher, and the virtues of a certain Ermengarde, once on a time Abbess of Shaftesbury; who became a Protestant, and protected one Bertha de Waltham, unwilling to become a nun, on account of a certain 'bachelor' Almerie. There are many things against Papistry in this tale: but as the charges are not enforced with that unbecoming bitterness which so poisonously tinctures many tales of the same family, we can leave the rejoinder, courteous or convincing, as may be,—to any Roman-Catholic author who may be minded to undertake it.

C. Julii Cesaris De Bello Gallico et Civili Commentarii. Curante Gulielmo Duncan. *Cui nunc adjicitur Index Anglice Locuples, à Joanne Christison.*—We really are at a loss to say for what class of readers such books as this are intended. They are not for scholars,—and, certainly, they are not for mere learners. There is not a note in the volume; though even Cesar, perspicuous as he is, requires such, even where mere construction is concerned,—to say nothing of geographical, military, and other matters that demand elucidation. The text itself is useless to beginners, since it has no accents—no distinctions between adverbs and pronouns or adjectives; the ablatives of the first declension have nothing to distinguish them from the nominatives; and the genitive of the fourth must be distinguished from two or three other resembling cases as it can. In every respect, this edition is greatly inferior to the later ones of Dymock.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aide-Mémoire to the Military Sciences, Part II. completing Vol. I. royal 8vo. 16s. 6d.
Bourne's (C.) Principles and Practice of Engineering, 8vo. 15s. cl.
Brockett's (J. T.) Glossary of North Country Words, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
Bourke's (R. S.) Petersburg and Moscow, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Burne's (Rev. J.) Christian Freesher's Pocket Companion, 3s. 6d. cl.
Castle's (H. J.) Elementary Text Book for Young Surveyors and Levellers, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bd.
Colburn's Standard Novels, 'Wild Irish Girl,' by Lady Morgan, 6s.
Chollerton, a Tale of our Own Times, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Crompton's (Susan F.) Stories for Sunday Afternoons, 1s. 6d. cl.
D'Aubigne's History of Reformation, 4th vol. post 8vo. 1s. 6d. 8vo. 2s. cl.; royal 12mo. 3s. cl.

Dickson's (Dr. S.) *Fallacies of the Faculty*, Introduction and Notes by Dr. Turner, (of New York) People's Edit. roy. 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.
 Early Magnetism in its Higher Relations to Humanity, 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Gilbert's Junior Atlas for Schools, with Index of 9000 Places, 5s. 6d.
 Hood's Own, 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Jackson's (J.) Latin Typo's Guide, or, First Steps to Latin, 1s. swd.
 Jones's (Sir J.) *Journal of Sieges in Spain*, 3 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2d. cl.
 Lindsay's (Lord) *Progression by Antagonism*, 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Lost and Won; or, the Love Test, by the Author of 'Maid's Husband,' 3 vols. royal 12mo. 3s. 6d. fols.
 Murray's Hand-book for Northern Italy, new ed. 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Nelson's (Lord) Letters and Despatches, Notes by Sir N. H. Nicolas, Vol. V. 11., comprising the work, 21s. cl.
 Nichol's (Dr. J. P.) Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the System of the World, 13 plates, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Nichol's (Dr. J. P.) Views of the Architecture of the Heavens, 10s. 6d.
 Payne's (J. H.) Bee-Keeper's Guide, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 4s. cl.
 Pettit's (Rev. J. L.) Remarks on Architectural Character, folio. 21s.
 Pridham's (C.) England's Colonial Empire, Vol. I. 'The Mauritius and its Dependencies,' demy 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Puritan's Grave (The), by the late W. P. Scargill, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
 Rowcroft's (C.) Fanny, the Little Miller, 1 vol. med. 8vo. 14s. cl.
 Schroeder's (F.) Shores of the Mediterranean, engravings, 2 vols. 16s.
 Sackling's (Rev. A.) Antiquities of Suffolk, Vol. I. 4to. 3s. 2s. h.f.-bd.
 Taylor's (Emily) *The Ball I Live On*, new edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Tys's Hand-book of the Language of Flowers, square 18mo. 1s. cl.
 Vieillard's (J. N.) French Phrase and Dictation, 12mo. 3s. cl.
 Vieillard's (J. N.) Petit Manuel Français, square 16mo. 3s. h.f.-bd.
 Webb's (S. H.) Farmer's Account-book, folio, 6s. h.f.-bd.
 Yeate's (T.) Concise Hebrew Grammar, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 The Verbs and Nouns, 7th edit. by Rev. F. Bialoblotzky, 5s. cl.

SPRING.

The spirit of Spring is in the woods!—and there,
 Like love—the untiring—ministering to death,
 She sitteth, with the rainbow in her hair,
 Feeding the violets with her patient breath!
 She speaks—and lo! the primrose, with a sigh,
 Wakes up to hear; the wall-flower climbs her knees;
 She weaves the sunshine through the cool, grey sky,
 And hangs her raiment on the naked trees.
 The wind, her high-voiced herald, hath gone forth
 To shout her coming on the floor of heaven;
 And far, under their storm-lands of the North,
 The snow-fiend's wild barbarian brood are driven:
 And rivers, that were hoarse with winter's cold,
 Now dance unto their own sweet ditties old!

The lake, that had the ice-chain at its heart,
 Now meets the stream in freedom and in song;
 The lily makes the sweet, clear waters part,
 Like some fair Naiad, seen their wave among:
 And mortal eyes that gaze that mirror through—
 To seek, far down, her palace-home of spars,
 Find that its carpet is the upper 'blue,'
 And in her sandals that she wears the stars!

Spring—like an angel clad in raiment white—
 Hath rolled away the stone from Nature's tomb;
 The frosty seals have melted in her light,
 And all the flowers are risen in their bloom!
 Then looked that angel on my spirit's gloom,
 And sounded in my heart—"Arise!" she said;
 Ah, me! there came no answer from its dead!

T. K. HERVEY.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Valery en Caux, August 8.

It was impossible to leave Caudebec without visiting Lillebonne; where the Castle of William the Conqueror looks down into the arena of the Roman amphitheatre. Thanks to the veteran antiquary of Caudebec, who has passed sixty years in exploring that region, so rich in remains, and who, at eighty-six, shows the liveliest desire to aid the researches of sympathizing travellers—"they are generally your countrymen" he told me, we took a somewhat circuitous road. Instead of mounting the plateau of the Pays de Caux by the Havre road, we ascended it near the pretty little town of Villequier; and, passing through beautiful woods, reached the summit near the chateau of M. de Villequier—who may, I think, congratulate himself on having the finest position in the whole 'pays.' The chateau de Villequier is a red brick house; large enough, old enough, handsome and yet simple enough, to be fit for the habitation of a gentleman,—and flanked by noble avenues of beeches. What we chiefly went round to see, however, was the church of Norville—the gem of village churches. It is little known in the country,—not at all to travellers,—and is not even mentioned by Mr. Murray; but it is well worthy of a visit. Its richly ornamented and graceful spire, and its structure and style altogether, give it the air of a miniature cathedral. The stone-work of the window of the south transept is a complete tracery of fleurs-de-lis,—so artfully connected as to leave no interstices; and, curiously enough, over the doorway on the same side, the Rose of England forms the key-stone of the arch. This ornament has repeatedly caught my eye. In the church of Caudebec it is similarly placed over two shrines; in the pretty little church of St. Gertrude (the restoration of which I mentioned in my last letter), it is on one side the altar,—exactly such as

you see it in Westminster Abbey or at Eton. You may believe that I never failed to salute the gracious symbol with reverential affection. How many centuries have passed since the grave closed over the last Englishman who sighed, or stormed, at the thought that all these, and all the fair fields amidst which they stand, were once ours? How many must elapse before a Frenchman will look at the Rhine with the same feelings with which we regard the Seine? I take for granted that the desire *regagner la Seine* does not pass through the head of the most fatuous of English patriots.

The church of Norville stands charmingly in a green and pleasant churchyard, planted with trees; among which is one fine and venerable yew, whose dark green mass is beautifully relieved by the remarkable whiteness and freshness of the stone. The village lies dotted around the church. A little further on, is the large and fine ruin of the Castle of Etlan,—near the church of St. Maurice; which is prettily situated, but not comparable to Norville.

Descending from the plateau, our driver luckily lost his way; and took us past the church of Notre Dame de Gravanchon,—the beauty of which is heightened by its position. It stands on a green slope, surrounded by fine, lofty elms, the feet of which are washed by a bright brook.

The amphitheatre which has been so meritoriously brought to light at Lillebonne, is a much more important and complete structure than that at Trèves,—of which you may, perhaps, recollect some mention last year. Like that, the amphitheatre of Lillebonne was entirely *comblé* and overgrown with grass, so as to present no other appearance than any ordinary green hillock. Unlike that, the seats are not mere embankments of earth, but are of solid masonry. There still remains fifteen feet of earth to be excavated: when this is completed, it will be one of the most interesting monuments of the kind in Europe. Vast quantities of the bones, tusks, horns, &c. of the wild beasts tortured and butchered for the amusement of the Roman armies are constantly found here,—as well as coin, implements, and vessels of various kinds. The excavation advances slowly;—but this is inevitable. A list of the works of restoration and conservation now going on in France would astonish you. The expenses are borne partly by the government and partly by the departments; but they are obliged to proceed cautiously.

Most unfortunately, the castle of Lillebonne is not in the hands of the Departmental Council, but of an individual,—and that individual a *fabricant*. He bought the ground on which it stands some years ago,—pulled down a great part of what was most remarkable,—fabricated a house in which he lives,—capped the round towers with extinguisher roofs,—and, at length, being awakened to the interest of what he had destroyed by the universal outcry, shows his value for what he has spared by suffering nobody to approach it. We humbly pleaded our quality of *étrangers* who had come far to see it. As this produced no effect, I imagined we had struck just the wrong note; but, as I was told, a few days after, by the wife of a most respected member of the Chamber of Peers, that she experienced a similar rebuff, I was obliged to admit that the 'fabricant's' churlishness was quite impartial. The site of the castle is beautiful; and enough of the venerable building is visible from without to assist the imagination in conjuring up the great shades which haunt this region. We returned by the high road (from Havre to Rouen),—and a most excellent road it is. At the top of the descent into Caudebec stands an extremely pretty village, commanding views of the fine wooded valley and the Seine.

I forgot to mention that the church of St. Gertrude contains the remains of a tabernacle, of very elegant tracery. It was broken into small fragments, and has been skilfully put together, as far as it goes. This is the first "Sacramentshauslein" I remember to have seen in France. There is a beautiful doorway at the west end. The windows, of which Mr. Murray speaks, are remarkable for nothing except the zeal and good intentions of the villagers. They are proud of their work,—and well they may be. Their church, now so neat and so perfect, had neither door, window, nor roof. The whole nave was thick-grown with trees:—"nous en avons vendu pour quarante-six francs de bois," said the

worthy man who showed it. Now, they want only a priest,—but cannot afford to pay one. "Ah, si nous avions un prêtre nous serions comme des rois!" exclaimed he.

And this is the country in which Christianity was to be forgotten before the present century should be half over! What makes the earnestness of the people the more remarkable is, that they are not in the least degree priest-ridden. A great many of the clergy are unwise enough to carry on a *sourde* opposition to the government; to which the people (in the provinces) are generally attached,—not, perhaps, with any great fervour, but with a reasonable approbation of its main tendencies. The people, therefore, though religious, and observant of the forms of religion, are not much under the influence of the priests. Do not imagine that I speak of this state of things as the best,—or even as a good one. The desirable thing for every country is to have a clergy as enlightened, so much in advance of the people, so humane—in a word, so christian,—that they would, and must, exercise an influence as irresistible as it would be beneficial. But it is useless to talk of that;—meanwhile, it is very important that the attachment of the people to Christianity should not be entirely dependent on the temporary and local characteristics of its ministers.

On Sunday, every one of these beautiful Norman village churches is as full as it can hold;—and a most satisfactory spectacle it is. Never did I see more comely, decent, well-clad, well-behaved assemblies of people. As they swarm out, and stand, in their bright-coloured garments, around the grey porch and under the green trees, the picture is full of physical as well as moral harmony.—I have no room for a little digression into Lower Normandy, nor for a chapter on bathing-places,—from one of which, as you see, I write.

THE BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

That fiery spirit which has occasioned a split among the general body of British Archaeologists, would appear not yet to have burnt itself out in the section which was its focus. Before this disorganizing element, further disruptions are threatened—and the Association, in all probability, will finally fall to pieces. It has already begun to illustrate its travelling career by repelling the local bodies affiliated with it,—and leaving the marks of its suicidal heat on the towns along its circuit. Its most conspicuous proceeding at Gloucester has been to quarrel with the County Society,—and its antiquarian tendency has been chiefly exhibited, there, in the attempt to make the connexion between the Gloucestershire antiquaries and itself an affair of antiquity.

It is very remarkable that a body of men, whose studies would seem, more than those of almost any other, directed to teach the lessons of patience and of peace, should be so irritable a company that quiet men cannot live with them. The morals that present themselves to the intelligent and sentient antiquary, are, all, such as enforce the vanity of passion and the nothingness of mere personalities. The records that testify of baffled ambitions and generations long since gone to rest, would seem, beyond most others, calculated to read to the genius of men a lesson whose philosophy is calmness. The spirit of the brawler should be rebuked in the hearts of students who stand habitually in the solemn and passionless presence of the Past. The extinct volcano, not the living one, is the antiquary's cue. A suspicion arises that the true antiquarian spirit is wanting where the wrangler rules; and that men are more occupied with their own individualities than with the generalities of archaeology. There is, surely, something most ungracious in the aspect of a pack of philosophers *snarling* over the mere dry bones of antiquity.

The office of the antiquary is to *examine* ruins—*not* make them. His love of the chipped and fragmentary should not extend to his Association. The Past is his book; but he has no interest in writing the name of his Institution therein.—We have been led to make these remarks by the report of some doings at the recent meeting of the Archaeological Association in Gloucester,—reported in the morning papers,—and which place Mr. Pettigrew once more in collision with that remnant of the Archaeological body which the former collision had left to him. A

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statement has been forwarded to us on behalf of the Gloucestershire Society, which gives another colouring to the facts. Personally, we know nothing more of the merits than what may be inferred from a careful perusal of the two documents; but, in any case, we feel it right to give to the counter-statement the same benefit of publication which has been given to the statement;—and that the reader may have equal material for fair inference with ourselves, the statement will be found, in the terms of the original report, under our usual gossiping head. The communication to us is as follows:—

"August 12.

"The statement in the morning papers makes it appear that the harmony of the closing meeting of the British Archaeological Association was interrupted unnecessarily, and without sufficient reason, by Mr. Guise, the President of the Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, and the gentlemen of the Local Committee acting with him. It is right, therefore, that the real facts should be placed before the public, in order to enable them to form a fair judgment of the merits of the case.

"The journals alluded to make the whole discussion to turn upon Mr. Pettigrew's objecting to Mr. Niblet's (the Honorary Secretary of the Local Society) reading a Latin Chronicle of Abbot Towcester; and assert that this trifling act of authority on the part of the Vice-President of the Association was visited with unwarrantable harshness by Mr. Guise and the Gloucestershire Society. Now, the fact is, that Mr. Niblet did not complain of the interruption, but of the uncourteous manner in which Mr. Pettigrew interrupted his authority. This was done in so harsh and dictatorial a manner as to amount to an affront; and excited much irritation in the minds of both Mr. Niblet and his friends. But this single act, though sufficiently annoying, would probably have met with no further notice, had not Mr. Pettigrew thought proper, upon a subsequent occasion, to conduct himself in so outrageous and offensive a manner towards another gentleman, that, though the matter was allowed, at the time, to subside, in order that the harmony of the Congress should not be disturbed during the sitting, yet it was unanimously judged necessary that, after the public affronts which had been given, a public apology should be demanded at the close of the meeting.

"The circumstances connected with this second case of complaint are as follows:—W. G. Gomonde, Esq., of Cheltenham, one of the oldest and most staunch supporters of the Association, had invited the whole of the Committee to meet at his house, and afterwards to proceed to the room of the Literary and Scientific Association, to hold a *soirée*; upon which occasion he had been requested by Mr. R. Smith to take the chair. No sooner, however, did he proceed to assume the office thus offered to him, than Mr. Pettigrew, in the most violent manner, interfered,—protested that no person should occupy the chair during his presence,—swayed his arms about, in the most excited fashion,—took possession of the chair, which he refused to vacate,—and, altogether, conducted himself in so unseemly a way as to give a serious affront to Mr. Gomonde personally, and to disgust in the highest degree all the ladies and gentlemen present. The reason assigned by Mr. Pettigrew was, that it was contrary to the rules of the Society for any but a Vice-President (if present) to take the chair:—a palpable misrepresentation; as on the Tuesday evening and evening the chair was occupied by Mr. Monckton Milnes.—Mr. Pettigrew being then present. This reason, however, had it been good, would not have justified the outrageous style and demeanour which Mr. Pettigrew thought proper to adopt. Mr. Gomonde and his friends were, of course, much incensed; and it is probable that, had not some good-natured individuals interfered, matters might not have been allowed to drop so easily as they did. Mr. Gomonde and his friends were with difficulty persuaded to remain in the room: but the former gentleman refused to read a paper which he had prepared. "On the Monumental Remains of Gloucestershire."

"These duplicate affronts, publicly offered in both instances to members of the Gloucestershire Society, determined that body not to allow the Congress to separate without asking for an *amende* from Mr. Pettigrew:

and, to show how little rancour was felt or exhibited towards that gentleman, it was resolved that the slightest possible form of apologetic words should be accepted; but this resolution was coupled with a determination that, in case Mr. Pettigrew should refuse to make the acknowledgment required, Mr. Guise should be requested, as President, to state publicly the grievances of which the Gloucestershire Society complained. In pursuance of these resolutions, Mr. Guise, Mr. Gomonde, and Mr. Niblet waited on the secretaries of the British Archaeological Association, Messrs. Crofton Croker, Roach Smith, and Wright;—when Mr. R. Smith asked what form of apology was demanded. He was informed that all that was required of Mr. Pettigrew was, to say that, "if, in the course of his administration of this office, he had given offence to any individual, it was unintentional, and he regretted it." Surely this was no very harsh demand to make of a person who had conducted himself so harshly and offensively to others;—and this Mr. R. Smith promised should be said. The secretaries were assured that no slight whatever was intended towards the members of the Association in general; and that it was with great regret that the Gloucestershire Society felt bound to call for an apology for the slights which had been put upon two of its members. All was now supposed to be in a fair way of being arranged and forgotten:—and, at four o'clock, the hour appointed for the closing meeting, all met, and Mr. Pettigrew proceeded to address the assembly. No allusion, however, was made to the case of Mr. Gomonde or Mr. Niblet;—not one word that could be construed into an apology was uttered. The Association, next, proceeded to vote thanks to those who had afforded any assistance in the course of the Congress; and the local society was thanked generally,—as well as Messrs. Guise, Gomonde, and Niblet, by name. This was received as a compliment from the Association; and acknowledged as such by Mr. Guise and Mr. Niblet. The voting of thanks being concluded, Mr. Pettigrew again rose, to declare the session of the Congress ended; and, though he said that he hoped he parted amicably with all, there was no apology. Then it was, that Mr. Guise was moved to make a public declaration of the subjects of complaint against Mr. Pettigrew.

"The *Morning Post* states that a minute elapsed before Mr. Guise rose to address the meeting;—which was, however, not the case. Mr. Guise rose within a very few seconds after the conclusion of Mr. Pettigrew's speech;—but that gentleman having instantaneously left the chair, it was, at the moment, empty. On calling attention, however, to the principal subject which it had become his duty to introduce, Mr. Guise observed that the chair was vacant, and said,—"I wait." Upon which Mr. Pettigrew returned; and Mr. Guise then urged, with some warmth, but with all due attention to the rules of courtesy, the matter complained of by the gentlemen with whom he was associated.—Messrs. Gomonde and Niblet. To this complaint Mr. Pettigrew replied,—without expressing the slightest regret for anything that had passed; and rather pretended to defend—what was, in truth, utterly indefensible—his own conduct. He concluded by applying to Mr. Guise and his supporters, the term '*ungentlemanly*;' and to this piece of churlishness Mr. Guise replied by declaring Mr. Pettigrew's self and his words to be beneath his notice.—This is a fair and true statement of the whole of the facts connected with this most painful and unfortunate dissension: which is quite as much lamented by the Gloucestershire Society as by the London Association. Nevertheless, the Gloucestershire gentlemen cannot take to themselves any blame for the course which was eventually thrust upon them, solely by the coarse contumacy of Mr. Pettigrew."

Who would have supposed that under the comparatively harmless-looking paragraphs which have been going the round of the papers, there lay a lengthened and circumstantial squabble like this? Yet even the newspaper report of this meeting does, when taken entire and shrewdly read, suggest some significant reflections. Hints of disorganization abound throughout it. The want of union between the General and County Associations does not seem to have begun—and will probably

not end—with the matters related in either statement or counter-statement. Nay, the suspicion is raised of unpleasant secrets even in the former's own immediate home,—for those who have Mr. Pettigrew's gift of 'unwrapping.' At the very least, the Association has been subjected to a series of casualties to which its best friends must find it difficult to apply the mere doctrine of chances.—First, its President is absent from the meeting at Gloucester; and Mr. Pettigrew, taking his place, contrives to make reasons for a good many additional absences in the future.—Then, how is it that, of all the noblemen who had suffered themselves to be advertised as Vice-Presidents, not one was found to give the countenance of his presence?—Again, the Congress visited Berkeley Castle; where they were to partake, it was stated, of the splendid hospitality of Lord Fitzhardinge:—the noble Earl was absent! (Vide Newspaper report.) By a really singular calamity, too, Mr. Pettigrew was himself unfortunate enough to have the archaeological spirit upon him at the very moment when he should not—or when he should have suppressed it:—"he saw the origin of a variety of things, now!" (Newspaper report.)—From first to last, in fact, the whole affair has been a conspicuous witness to that want of scientific earnestness and zeal which originally separated this faction from the great body of British archaeologists,—and from which no valuable result to knowledge can ever reasonably be looked for.

The end of all this will probably be good. The zealous among the Association will grow weary of its wrangling, and seek for science in the Institute. As out of death comes life—out of the rapid disorganization and disunion going on in the Association will issue the spirit of reunion. Above all, we would warn those noblemen who now lend their names to a body which they are ashamed to countenance, that they are obstructing science in one direction by that loan, while they are not advancing it in the other. Their titles give a showy and unreal dignity to an association, which, for all its true and working purposes, is found to consist of a few names only;—sounded, therefore, over and over again in the public ear, with a frequency of iteration disproportionate to their place in the public estimation. As a general rule, he should not lend his name to a scientific institution who is not anxious also to give his presence; and no body of learned men should desire any other patronage of noble ones than their co-operation. It is a wonderful mistake on the part of dukes, &c. (and of those who solicit them) to suppose that their meretriciousness is a valuable contribution to science. Those noblemen, then, who "sent their (Vice-presidential) carriages" to the Gloucester meeting, would do well if they be archaeologists, to come, in person, to the Institute:—and help to form one great and general Association of earnest men, united by their purpose beyond quarrelling for trifles, and presenting a body of character and influence to the respect of Europe.

The occasion which we would not seek, we take when it presents itself, to say a word, too, for ourselves.—At a late meeting of the Archaeological Association, in London, charges were brought against this paper (and have since been repeated by one of that body's organs) of unfair partizanship and dishonest statement. Fortunately, we can afford to let all such imputations await the fitting time for answer,—and have none of that irritable impatience which provokes uneasy consciousness to a retort. What we desire to point out is, that with those proceedings of bodies like the Association which are merely personal to ourselves we trouble the public as little as may be—as things in which they can have no interest, and which may safely be left to their own righting. But when questions, as on this occasion, arise in which we perceive the public interests to be concerned, we are not at liberty to withhold from their service the suggestion of any "good" which we see to be probably educible from "present evil."

INVOLUNTARY VERIFICATION.

August 12.

THE Master of Trinity College, Dr. Whewell, a fortunate man in many respects, was yet unfortunate enough, five and twenty years ago, to fall into one of Nature's traps. He made some *verses* in the same manner in which M. Jourdain made prose. In his

work on Mechanics, he happened to write *literatim* and *verbatim*, though not *lineatim*, as follows:—

There is no force, however great,
Can stretch a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line,
Which is accurately straight.

The author will never hear the last of this:—he cannot expect it. Seeing we know not what edition of this tetra-stich, the other day, in one of the reviews, we thought that possibly the legitimate use might be made of it. The legitimate use of an accidental verification is the justification, by means of it, of some existing stanza. No kind of rhythm or metre is permanently pleasing to the ear, unless it be one of those into which the ear sometimes falls of itself. Some one (we forget who) of our older critics, in illustration of iambic metre, says, "Such verse we make when we are writing prose; such verse we make in common conversation." Now, it so happens—and we believe has not been noticed—that Dr. Whewell's fit of the absent muse precisely copies a French stanza, used, among others, by Voltaire,—as in the following advice to the English:—

Travaillez pour les connoisseurs
De tous les tems, de tous les âges,
Et répandez sur vos ouvrages
La simplicité de vos mœurs.

A little before the occurrence of the preceding, Prof. Woodhouse, in his treatise on Astronomy, was more unfortunate than Mr. Whewell:—for he only made the first half of a stanza,—and left the undergraduates to add the second. To understand the meaning, it must be remembered that Mr. Woodhouse was then superintending for the University, the completion of the Observatory, which was to be his own official residence; and some dissatisfaction had been expressed at the expense of ornamenting the grounds. So, between them, Woodhouse and the wags made the following:—

If a spectator
Be at the equator,
At the point represented by A:—
So says Mr. Woodhouse,
Who lives in the good house
For which other people must pay.

The review above alluded to takes notice of an older commencement of a stanza, from 'Smith's Optics,' which has not yet found its other half:—we venture to suggest one:—

If parallel rays
Come contrary ways,
And fall upon opposite sides:—
Says one to the other,
Oh, brother! oh, brother!
They make us take terrible rides.

M.

MR. SHEPHERD'S HORÆ APOSTOLICÆ.

Margaret Roding, August.

My attention has been called to a critique in the *Athenæum* of July 11, in which you assert that the author of 'Horæ Apostolicæ' had undertaken a task for which he was not prepared either by learning or critical acumen; and you cite, in proof of this, two illustrations in reference to "the historical part of the subject." Allow me, Sir, as the author of that work, to refer you, if you have not already read it, to the title-page; and you will then learn that I profess to follow the arrangement of Dr. Townsend,—a scholar and divine, of whom you may perhaps have read that he has just published 'The Old and New Testament, arranged in Chronological and Historical Order.' Had I presumed to put forth a Digest of the Acts and Writings of the Apostles as the result of my own learning and research, I should have been justly amenable to your censure, and might have merited your unqualified rebuke; but as I have followed, and professed only to follow, the order, both historical and chronological, which has been well digested and ably accounted for by others, I may be well content to refer you to Dr. Townsend's authority for the two points of history, real or imagined, which have so grievously shocked your critical sensibility. And whilst, with equal satisfaction, I rest my denial of your assertion, that "the Acts of the Apostles come down to the period of St. Paul's martyrdom," upon the reasons given by Dr. Townsend and others, I must beg to draw your attention to the guarded language in which I allude to the preaching of that Apostle in Britain. I was fully sensible that it was *questio vexata*; and therefore I approached it with the caution which I felt to be due to a subject

open to a contrariety of opinions. My words ('Horæ Apostolicæ,' pp. 262, 263) are,—“There is every probability of St. Paul having employed the two years following his release from Rome in visiting various parts of Italy, Spain, and the islands of the West. But this strong probability becomes a confirmed fact, if we may give the usual credit which is attached to histories in general to the statements of Clement, St. Paul's 'own intimate friend and fellow-labourer,' and afterwards bishop of Rome in the first century; to Irenæus, disciple of St. John, in the second century; and, in the four next succeeding centuries, to Tertullian, Jerome, Theodoret and others.” I made no mention of Eusebius,—whose name you have dragged into your remarks, as if my assertion had rested upon his evidence; neither do I now refer to him, in addition to the names already cited, to warrant me in arriving at a very different conclusion to yours, when you say, “there is no contemporary record of the labours of St. Paul left either by himself or any of his followers,” and in using the words of Dr. Townsend, that “there appears to be sufficient evidence to justify my adoption of Bishop Burgess's opinion that St. Paul preached in Britain; which is supported also by the authority of Parker, Camden, Usher, Stillingfleet, Gibson, Nelson, Rowland, Collyer, and Bishop Pearson.”

But, in addition to your reprobation of the book on this controverted point, you censure me for establishing St. Peter at Rome as the founder of the Christian Church in that city. I deliberately challenge you to point out, in the 'Horæ Apostolicæ,' any statement which asserts, or any expression which implies, the figment of St. Peter's sphere of preaching to have been at Rome. I could not have asserted that which I do not credit; neither have avowed that which does not appear to me to rest upon a satisfactory foundation.

I call upon you, therefore, to give proof of your having read the book at all by pointing out the passage or passages on which you ground your assertion. If you cannot, have the honesty to acknowledge your error; and thereby give evidence that you consider candour a more valuable quality than critical acumen, especially when perverted to misrepresentation. It is true, in accordance with my professed following of Dr. Townsend, I have adopted the opinion that St. Peter wrote his two Epistles from Rome, and that at Rome he suffered martyrdom. But, surely, this admission of his writing his Epistles at Rome, and dying at Rome, no more implies his preaching the Gospel and founding the Church there, than do the date of St. Paul's Epistles from Rome, and his martyrdom at Rome, warrant the assumption that he was the first to plant the Gospel in that city. I do not stop to notice “the perverse ingenuity which transforms Babylon into Rome;” but I would ask you to decide to which Babylon the Apostle refers,—whether Babylon in Egypt or Babylon in Assyria,—and to state whether you derive your information from the sacred writers or from tradition. In the meantime, let me bring under your notice the following passage, quoted by Dr. Townsend from Lardner,—who asserts, that “there is no mention made of any church or bishop at the Egyptian Babylon during the first four centuries; and the Assyrian Babylon was almost deserted in the time of the Apostles”: and yet the Apostle refers to “the Church at Babylon, elected together with the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia.”—And now, Sir, whilst I might question that to be a fair exercise of criticism which condemns a work to unqualified censure because of two passages which form a very small portion of it, and are almost isolated from its main scope and execution,—I can have no hesitation in impugning its justice, when of the two points, it may be said of one, “*adhuc sub judice lis est*,” and, therefore, sentence ought to be deferred; and of the other, that it has no existence except in the too lively imagination of the critic, and, therefore, is not in court.

I trust to your candour to acknowledge, by your insertion of these remarks in the *Athenæum*, the necessity and justice of them.

WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

The *Athenæum* is so avowedly indisposed to disputes connected with Scripture doctrines, or even Scripture history, that our notice of Mr. Shepherd's

angry letter must be as brief as consists with a serious notice of his arguments.

1. By adopting Mr. Townsend's chronological arrangement, Mr. Shepherd makes it as much his own as if he had himself devised it. Now, with all due respect for the canon of Durham, as a well-informed and worthy man, we yet cannot admit him to be a conclusive authority. Where Usher, and Lardner, Michaelis, and Paley disagree, we know not why Mr. Townsend should be invested with the prerogative of summarily deciding upon their differences. His arrangement is in many places faulty, and demonstrably opposed to the authority of the Acts and of the Epistles. The argument, then, which proposes to convict us with the name of Mr. Townsend is disposed of; and Mr. Shepherd's adoption of the latter's errors is as much evidence of his want of learning as would have been their original assertion.

2. He who can receive the statement of St. Paul's missionary labours in either Spain or Britain from Mr. Townsend, or any other, can, as we intimated, have no valid reason for disputing the equally authenticated ones of Hercules. “Every probability” is decidedly against it; and we must notice two or three gratuitous assumptions of Mr. Shepherd in relation to Clement. Who told him that Clement was St. Paul's “intimate friend and fellow-labourer”? This is as much a *questio vexata* as any other,—as Mr. Shepherd should know when he undertakes to discuss such matters. Again: who has proved to Mr. Shepherd that during the first, or even the second century, there were bishops of either Rome or any other place? During the earliest age of the Church, there were many bishops to a city:—none having jurisdiction over another. Then, bishops were simply presbyters; nor was it until about the commencement of the third century that, owing to the disputes for pre-eminence arising amongst the presbyters, it was agreed that some one of the body should have avowed superiority. This was the origin of episcopal jurisdiction; at least, according to the positive statement of St. Jerome,—who will, we suppose, be admitted as an authority on ecclesiastical antiquity. But, bishop or not, does Clement establish the point that St. Paul preached the Gospel in Spain? We say, that he does no such thing. Whoever will carefully examine the context of this father's observations on the subject, (loose and indefinite as the language is) will be convinced that he alludes, by “the boundary of the west”—*τὸ πρὸς τὴν δύσιν*—to Italy. From the participle *ἐλθὼν*, we may fairly infer that, at the time of writing his well-known letter to the Corinthians, Clement was himself in the direction of that *τὸ πρὸς τὴν δύσιν*,—the terminus ad quem of the Apostle's labours; and if the place was not Rome, it was in some part of Italy. This inference, too, is confirmed by what immediately follows,—viz. the intimation that the Apostle was martyred just after his reaching the “boundary of the west.” The ingenuity that translates these vague words into the positive renderings of Spain and Britain, is both bold and ingenious. The testimony of later writers proves nothing; these expressly acknowledge that they have only tradition for their guide.

3. Respecting the closing scenes of St. Peter's life, we find, on Mr. Shepherd's part, the same kind of gratuitous assumptions. If we are to apply to these the same canons of criticism as to the events of profane history, we must reject all the following assertions:—that the Apostle was crucified at all,—that he died at Rome,—that the time of such death was A.D. 66,—that he wrote his two Epistles from Rome; and that St. Paul suffered at the same time, or during the same year, with him. All these alleged facts rest on the same class of legendary traditions; which, being contradictory to each other, improbable in themselves, and opposed to all that we gather from the Acts and the Epistles, have been uniformly discarded by writers who use their own reason. And why does Mr. Shepherd trifle so about Babylon? Who ever said that the Babylon of Egypt—which was merely an obscure Roman fortress, and held only by a handful of Roman soldiers—was the place where St. Peter wrote his Epistles? The Babylon on the Euphrates was, at that time, populous, and inhabited by many Jews,—the peculiar flock of St. Peter. We allude to New Babylon,—or, as it was often called from its founder, Seleucia—which lay a short distance from the Old Babylon, and was partly built out of

the ruins. At the same time, notwithstanding the vague sentences of Strabo, we believe that even Old Babylon, during the first century, was far from being deserted.

5. Mr. Shepherd, it appears, is angry with us for asserting that, by what he has said, he admitted St. Peter to be the founder of the Roman church, or Bishop of Rome. This seems to us a mere trifling with the question. When Mr. Shepherd contends that the Apostle wrote his Epistles, and suffered death at Rome, he admits all that the Roman Catholics want as the foundation of their tradition. If St. Peter resided at Rome long enough to write there his two Epistles (probably at some distance of time from each other), is not the conclusion both reasonable and inevitable that so active and energetic a man did preach the Gospel there? Why did this apostle visit Rome at all, if not to labour in his vocation? He was no Roman citizen;—had no right of appeal from the provincial tribunals to that of the emperor. There is, however, not a tittle of evidence to prove that St. Peter ever saw that city—or Italy—or Europe.

6. And, in conclusion, Mr. Shepherd excepts to our condemning the whole of a work on the ground of its containing two errors. This is a perversity of assumption against which we can only defend ourselves at Mr. Shepherd's further expense. We do not condemn the entire work because of two errors, but we offer the latter as two examples of that general deficiency of accurate and critical learning for which the book is condemned.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE attention of the scientific world has been drawn to the discovery, by Professor Schönbein, of an explosive compound which appears to possess many advantages over gunpowder. A cotton is prepared, by a process not yet divulged,—but which is in all probability one that depends on the formation of a nitrogen compound. This cotton possesses many remarkable properties. On the application of a spark, the solid mass is at once converted to a gaseous state; and a scientific gentleman who has witnessed some experiments in the laboratory of Prof. Schönbein, informs us that, whereas an equal weight of gunpowder, when exploded, filled the apartment with smoke, the cotton exploded without producing any,—leaving only a few atoms of carbonaceous matter behind. Common balls and shells have been projected by this prepared cotton, and it is stated to have nearly double the projectile force of gunpowder. An interesting experiment was recently tried on the wall of an old castle. It had been calculated that from three to four pounds of gunpowder would be required to destroy it,—and a hole capable of holding that quantity was prepared. Professor Schönbein, being desirous of testing the explosive force of his new preparation, placed four ounces of it in the hole; which, when fired, blew the masonry into pieces. Another valuable property of this cotton is, that it is not injured by wet; as it appears that, after being dried, it has lost nothing of its power. It, of course, remains to be seen if it is, in all respects, equal to gunpowder: but, under many circumstances, it must prove of great value. It is expected that Professor Schönbein will attend the meeting of the British Association, at Southampton;—when, no doubt, we shall hear more of this extraordinary discovery.

The Sydney papers are largely occupied with the Journal of Dr. Leichardt, and the important results which his expedition promises to the colony. Amongst the features of greatest interest in this expedition, the traveller himself classes the discovery of the Mackenzie, the Isaacs, the Downs of Peake Range, and the Sutor; that of a communication between the east coast of Australia and the east coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria along the river, with running water through a fine country; that of the Nonda country and of the Big Plains at the east side, and at the head of the Gulf; and that of a communication between Limmenbight and the South Alligator River along running streams and creeks.—A subscription has been set on foot, in the colony for a testimonial to Dr. Leichardt and his party; which, at the latest date, had reached a sum exceeding 400*l*. We may mention, appropriately in this paragraph, that the Common Council of the City

of London has voted 100*l*. towards the fund raising for the remuneration of Mr. Waghorn's exertions in a kindred cause.

The subscription towards the asylum for affording temporary food and shelter to destitute females, on their discharge from gaol—the form given to a testimonial in honour of the philanthropic efforts of the late Mrs. Fry—has nearly, we understand, reached the amount of 5,000*l*. The Common Council of London have voted 200 guineas to the fund; and the King and Queen of Denmark are added to the list of royal subscribers.—We hear, with regret, amongst the reports which relate to the proceedings and prospects of the various metropolitan establishments, that the Association for Promoting Cleanliness among the Poor have exhausted their funds. It is a valuable feature of this society's doings that—in addition to their free baths and wash-house at Glasshouse-yard, near the London Docks—they are at the expense of cleansing and whitewashing the dwellings of the poor in that neighbourhood. Many thousand rooms, staircases, passages, and entrances have, it is said, been cleansed and whitewashed by them since the spring,—and the applications for this purification are steadily increasing. For such purposes, in a season of heat and epidemic like the present, the wealthy public have a direct personal interest,—beyond the gratification of their benevolence—in not suffering the Association to want ample means.—The sum of 500*l*. it may be mentioned here, has been bequeathed to the Hospital of University College, by a benevolent lady, the late Mrs. Mary Swinton. By its aid towards the furnishing, the new wing is expected to be ready for the reception of patients before the winter.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Botanical Society of London was held some days ago; and its affairs were represented as prospering. The Council, it was stated, had been enabled to complete a portion of the proposed winter gardens, and to lay out the ground around it. A large addition to the list of Fellows was announced;—and the receipts, including the balance of last year, were stated at 12,641*l*. 12*s*. 8*d*., and the expenditure as 9,845*l*. 3*s*. 9*d*. His Grace the Duke of Norfolk was re-elected President; and the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Exeter, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl Delawar, the Bishop of Durham, Sir George Thomas Staunton, Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, and Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., were elected Vice-Presidents.

On Thursday, the members of the Archæological Association visited Tewkesbury, Deerhurst, and Cheltenham; and on Friday they proceeded, by invitation, to Goodrich Castle, the residence of Sir Samuel Meyrick, their Vice-President,—whose collections of Art and ancient armour were examined.—On Saturday, the Congress visited Berkeley Castle, the seat of Earl Fitzhardinge.—The papers on Friday were:—‘On an Inscription on the Rail of the Screen in the Church of Waterdine, Shropshire, by Sir Henry Meyrick,’—read by Mr. Pettigrew; ‘On the Gloucester City Charters,’ by Mr. Kedgwin Hoskins Fryer; one entitled ‘Heraldic Notices of Gloucester Cathedral,’ by the Rev. Dr. Claxson; and one ‘On the Dorsetshire Tumuli and Ancient British Settlements,’ by Mr. Ward.—A portion of the proceedings at the final meeting of the Association, on Saturday, we shall give in the terms of the Report contained in the morning papers,—for a reason which we have stated elsewhere. “Mr. Niblet, Secretary to the Gloucestershire Archæological Society, produced, on Tuesday evening, a transcript which he had made from the copy of the Chronicle of William of Towcester, in Queen's College, Oxford. Mr. Niblet was proceeding to read passages from the chronicle to rather an impatient meeting, when Mr. Pettigrew suggested that the chronicle should not be read piece-meal, being so valuable a document, but that it should be handed to the Chairman, and be added to Mr. Cressy's paper, on which it threw much light, for publication. Mr. Niblet then sat down, and nothing more was said on the matter until to-day. After the thanks of the Congress had been voted to the different bodies and persons who had afforded assistance to the Association,—amongst others, the Gloucestershire Archæological Society,—Mr. Pettigrew vacated the chair, and left the room. A minute or so had elapsed, when William Vernon

Guise, Esq. rose, and complained of Mr. Pettigrew's conduct on the evening above referred to, and requested an apology on behalf of Mr. Niblet.—Mr. Pettigrew did not feel called upon to make an apology. He was not aware that any unkindness had proceeded from him. When the resolution was put thanking those gentlemen, the Gloucestershire Archæological Society, for their important services, he thought there was a spirit of kindness pervading the meeting; and he had hoped that there was only one feeling pervading, and only one object in view, and that was the forwarding of antiquarian research. He did not wish to leave Gloucester with any unkind feeling. He was not in the chair when he made the remarks which appeared to have given offence. If he had been out of order, then it was the duty of the Chairman to have corrected him. These lengthened chronicles were of no interest to the meeting. He saw the origin of a variety of things now. He heartily wished, however, to leave Gloucester in a kindly spirit.—Mr. Guise was led to suppose that some apology would have been made by Mr. Pettigrew. Mr. Niblet should have been tolerated, even if he had not been endowed with fluency of speech; for he had done everything in his power to forward the views of the Association; and it did not matter whether Mr. Pettigrew was in the chair or not.—Mr. Pettigrew said, after such an ungentelemanly expression, the sooner the meeting dispersed the better.—Mr. Guise said that Mr. Pettigrew's remark was beneath his notice; and thus the matter ended.—Our comment upon this dispute, and a rather different version of it, will be found in another column of our present number.

The Count de St. Leu, ex-king of Holland, whose death has been announced through all the new-channels of communication with the public, might have claimed a word of memorial in our gossip-columns as almost the last of that extraordinary family which played the leading parts in one of the strangest of all historical dramas;—and still more because of the high motives which are commonly assigned for his resignation of sovereignty. He comes, however, more directly within our purview in right of his literary recreations,—having edited various historical documents,—and published, as long since as 1801, a romance, entitled *Marie, ou les Peines de l'Amour*.

From Paris, we learn that the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has awarded its prizes for 1846. The chief prize of 2,000*fr*. is given to M. Le Sueur, the architect, for his work on the Dynasties of Egypt. M. Kiepert, of Wiemar, has earned a prize for his work on “The Geography of the Expeditions of Gordian II. beyond the Euphrates:”—and M. Pol Nicard, for his criticism on the Historians of Constantine. M. Adolphe de Chalais has gained the prize in numismatics:—and Medals have been awarded to MM. Long, Leymarie, Cartier, Vaudoyer, Le Roux de Lincy, and the Baron de Girardot, for papers on subjects of history.

From Venice, it is stated that the Austrian Emperor has given permission for the Congress of Italian Naturalists to be held in that city next year. Accordingly, the Venetian municipality have determined on preparing for the *savans* a distinguished reception. It has been resolved to publish an illustrated description of the city, in two volumes, under the title of ‘Venice and its Lagoon,’ and present a copy to each member of the Congress;—to put at the disposition of the meeting a sum of 20,000 Austrian livres (about 800*l*.) for experiments;—to execute a colossal bronze statue of Marco Paolo, for erection in front of the Church of San-Giovanni-Crisostomo, where the famous traveller's bones repose,—and inaugurate it during the Congress;—and to have a new grand opera composed, for representation, at the *Fenice*, on the evening of the opening day.

A new moral atmosphere hangs, at length, over the Eternal City. Rome has suddenly come out of her cloud, and anchored in the light of civilization. The new Pope has found out that a State cannot make its way among the modern nations by the sole light from the Seven Candlesticks. We learn, now, that the enlightened and reforming Pontiff has granted a privilege to an Italian-Anglo Company for the construction of railways in the Roman States,—on condition of their realizing a guaranteed fund of about seven

millions sterling; and that the members of the company are on their way to England, for the purpose of raising the required capital.

From Berlin, we hear that the Prussian Minister of Public Instruction has ordered the erection of thirty-four meteorological stations; for a series of observations to commence on the 1st of January next:—From St. Petersburg, that the Emperor has conferred on M. Ouworoff, his Minister of Public Instruction, one of the most distinguished philologists in Europe, and author of many well-known works, letters of hereditary nobility, with the title of Count:—and from Copenhagen, that a library has been opened in that city, founded by the government, for the exclusive use of the pupils of the colleges and schools.

Letters from Switzerland state that Mont Blanc has doffed his hat of snow to the ardent genius of this fiery time—the first to whom he has paid that homage for very many years. Few living men have seen the “monarch of mountains” bareheaded.—The fine weather, it would seem, has been attracting the tourists in that direction; and tempting them to escape from the temperature of these lower levels into its solitudes of snow. The perilous ascent, which so lately as 1786 was an unaccomplished feat, and in the sixty years that have since elapsed, has been achieved by thirty-one travellers only (fifteen of whom have been Englishmen)—promises, like ballooning, to be an event of every day. Among the names given as those of tourists who purpose “going up,” are Professor Forbes, who has been for some time engaged in scientific researches in the neighbourhood of Montauvert, and Mr. Peel, a son of the late Premier.—It should not be forgotten, that the summer brightness which attracts the traveller to the hills, makes, at the same time, the mountain paths more than commonly dangerous, from the melting snow and loosened avalanche.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by the late Chevalier Renoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A CHEMICAL LECTURE, by Dr. RYAN, daily, and on the Evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Prof. BACHHOFFNER'S LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, with brilliant experiments, daily. MACINTOSH'S REVOLVING ENGINE, COLEMAN'S PATENT LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE for ascending and descending Inclined Planes. FARRELL'S ARCHIMEDEAN RAILWAY, the ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, all in action. HALLETTE'S ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY VALVE. The OPAQUE MICROSCOPE. The OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE, exhibiting a fine collection of Living Objects. A beautiful Picture of the CHAPEL in the CONVENT of St. CATHERINE, near JERUSALEM, by Mr. Charles Smith, is one of the Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS. Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

FINE ARTS

NEW PRINTS.

Trowel used by H.R.H. Prince Albert, at Liverpool.—A large engraving of this famous instrument has been forwarded to us; with a lengthy description, as florid as the ornament, calling attention to its details. If anything were wanting to stamp the utility of Schools of Design, this elaborate trowel would be valuable evidence! The occasion was a happy one—that of presenting to the Prince a worthy memorial of the skill, genius, and handicraft applied to manufactures in one of the greatest emporia of commerce. How would old Benvenuto have rejoiced in such an opportunity! As we cannot lay before them the engraving, let our readers judge by an extract how this object has been fulfilled:—

“It is made of silver, richly gilt, and ornamented with gold and enamel;—the shield at the top of the handle contains the arms of H.R.H. enamelled on gold in proper colours; on the centre oval is represented a ship in dock, in gold on blue enamel; on the lower shield, is an anchor in gold on blue enamel. The handle itself is a beautiful (?) specimen of modern scroll work; and is surmounted by the crown of H.R.H. in gold and enamel, resting on a crimson enamelled cushion. The base of the trowel is a perfect model of the stern of a ship, with quarter-deck men at the wheel, cannons, &c. The flags, representing white ensigns, are appropriately and beautifully enamelled on gold,” &c.

It is evident, that wherever the intended usefulness of a fabrication would be interfered with by the

details of the ornament, those details assume the character of interloping absurdities, rather than of an attempt by well-directed skill to throw a grace around construction. The “base” of the trowel being a portion which receives the mortar, the ingenuity commemorated above seems to require no further comment.

Pio IX. P.M.—Another lithograph, by Luigi Gregori, but deficient, both as an original work of Art and as a lithograph—that is, if the latter be a faithful transcript of the former. The head of the pontiff appears to be marked by benevolence; but there is no index of the great intelligence that would become the exalted post he occupies. We are far from inferring, however, any want of perception in the artist, on that score.

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

We have received from a member of this Institute a statement, entering at length into the particulars of those quarrels which have found their way into the heart of that association, and are threatening it with dissolution. Into these details we cannot enter—the public and ourselves being only interested in the fact, that a body, which might do so much for the cause of Art by union, is squabbling itself to death. The loss of the good which such an institution might effect, is not the whole amount of injury inflicted by an example like this. To that negative result, must be added the positive discredit which so impracticable a spirit brings upon English Art. The very soul and principle of all the Arts is harmony;—and the public will begin, at length, to distrust the earnestness of professors who find it impossible to fraternize—exactly on the ground where the Arts themselves are avowedly concerned.

We should, however, add, that the facts, as represented by the statement now sent to us, contain, with little more than a different colouring, just the *history* of the case with which we were already familiar; and that it is precisely on those facts, otherwise arranged and emphasized, that we argued when writing on the subject of these disputes some weeks ago. We did not, as our correspondent on the present occasion suggests, suffer any one to impose upon us a false statement; but were well acquainted with the matters of which we spoke. That a social meeting, which subsequently took the name of Club, was the “originating idea” of the present Institute, is a fact within our own knowledge—but which, since receiving the statement of our present correspondent, we have been careful to verify by documentary evidence.—And here, we are tempted to convict our correspondent, by the particular example, of a want of that logic, a larger infusion of which into all these proceedings would have gone far (in the absence even of a better animus) to prevent, or settle, some of the differences that have arisen. “To prove to you,” says our correspondent, “that you have been misinformed on this point, I inclose to you a Report of the Council of the Institute, with which is bound up the code of laws, list of members, &c., for the year 1844-5; at which time the Institute had been in existence some three or four years. Yet, throughout the whole Report of the Council, the laws and regulations, you will find no mention whatever of such an establishment, nor of any law which provides for one. After the perusal of this document, you will want no additional proof,” &c. Now, the logical figure of which this argument forms an eminent illustration is the *non-sequitur*. How should the absence of any mention of the Club in 1845—or even the positive fact of its non-existence at that time, if that were so,—prove that such an idea had not originally been the suggesting one of the Institute, in 1841? Such a connexion between the parent intention and present form of the institution should still less present itself as a necessity to one who, like our correspondent—though he was probably not a foundation member, nor a party to its “originating idea,”—must yet be well aware of the many mutations which it has undergone, and the conflicting opinions that have brought it to its present low estate. The fact, however, is, that not only did such “a club and its opportunities,” to repeat ourselves, “lie at the foundation of the young Institute” as an idea—but, also, as substance; the Association in its first beginnings taking precisely that form.

On one other point our present correspondent

assures us we have been misinformed:—and his charge of misinformation may, in this case, be excused by an extract from the very article which is assumed to be suffering under it. “It is stated in the *Athenæum*,” says our correspondent, “that the differences in the Institute have arisen in consequence of this club.” * * Instead of the dispute having reference to the club, it refers entirely to the accounts of the society generally, and to certain transactions that have taken place in connexion with them.” Now, here our correspondent is so kind as exactly to confirm, instead of correcting, the *Athenæum*. We offered the club-question as an example, only, of the animus prevailing over the polemics of this body,—and chose it as a good one because of its very *smallness* among the matters in dispute. We know well where the real grievance lies; and insinuated our knowledge as follows:—“This, then, is one of the quarrels which are breaking up the Institute. There have unhappily been, and are, others—to which this is only supplementary; and out of them has grown a bad spirit, which, it is not unreasonable, in view of the idleness of this particular objection, to suppose, takes it merely for a pretext.”

The real object of all parties, however, should, now, be to heal these differences, and combine to bring the Institute into working order. Great irregularities there have been on all sides,—and much ill-blood on at least one. But the law and reason of the questions principally in issue are both, as we happen to know, with the party to whom we regret to find our correspondent opposed. A spirit of mutual accommodation, which he might advantageously suggest, may yet save the Institute,—and make it just such an association for the defence of the artist's interest and the advancement of his art as the *Athenæum* has often recommended. The spirit of party—just found out to be an evil spirit anywhere—can do nothing but mischief in the world of Art.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—We English, it must be confessed, are a wonderful people in the management of our public buildings—so as to have the least possible show or substance for the most enormous expense. Foremost among the news of the week is the enlargement of that often patched and comfortless abode, Buckingham Palace,—which is to be set about forthwith. The projected works, we believe, include a new *corps de logis*; which will convert this building into a quadrangle, and do away with that “thirty thousand pound price”—the Marble Arch: with many changes in the interior arrangements of the building as it stands. The estimate of cost is 150,000*l.*; to meet which the Bubble at Brighton is to be sold, and 30,000*l.* voted each year till the sum is complete.—*Sic transeat* the stately “pleasure-domes” of George the Fourth!—first, Carlton House, then the Pavilion! ‘Tis a lesson, surely, to monarchs who have the mania for building!

The sale of the Campana collection of coins and medals is now concluded; and to our former enumeration we may add the prices of a few more lots. The Roman consular silver coins were very fine and rare; and produced deservedly high prices—varying from 1*l.* to 14*l.* each lot. The Roman Imperial (silver) medallions, struck at Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, in Asia, &c., sold remarkably well.—Lot 1206, a well-preserved and extra-rare one of Claspatria, brought 7*l.* 7*s.*—one of Messalina, very fine, only 7*s.* No medals of Roman coinage are known of this, the third, wife of Claudius.—Lot 1228, a beautiful and scarce gold quinarius of the Empress Galla Placidia, sold for 4*l.* 12*s.*—Lot 1246, a beautiful tetradrachm of Agathocles, brought only 5*l.* 15*s.*—The rare middle brass coins of the Empress Traquillina sold very moderately; viz. from 1*l.* to 2*l.* 2*s.*—Lot 1317, an unpublished colonial copper coin of the Arria family, was purchased for only 13*s.* Eckhel did not know it, in his time.—Lot 1351, a beautiful “potin” coin of the unfortunate wife of Nero, poor Poppæa, sold for 1*l.* 13*s.*—A fine and extra-rare silver medallion of Otho (lot 1356) was bought by Mr. Curt, for 3*l.* 10*s.*; its usual price is 10*l.*—Lot 1380, a fine tetradrachm of Demetrius I., sold for 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*—A very ancient silver coin of Coreya (lot 1384), by mistake catalogued as Corynth) produced 2*l.* 8*s.*—and one of Boetia, with the famed oval buckler, (lot 1385), sold for the enormous sum of 11*l.* 10*s.* It is

however, a “extra-rare” though of a gold coin of—Lot 1417, “the wise man” 1683, a prob of the Emp each side, so the British M The drawi of the late notwithstanding have surround ended, sold principal lot the First Bri decreased wa and against the room.” had a commi at that sum, being no adva descend, to the family o to about 1,70 We see, the architect, box which wa tion of the b nature, the —to which valuable serv ish and Rom articles of va The follow tal papers, will expect, of the matter “A discover picture by M The former i Sepulchre; hunted Cardi which Rapha the fresco of tion of the amongst othe by Mr. Mac Raphael was Art. On the Buonarroti i arms of the f the ex-king, colonial bust, Napoleon, to the sum of 6 ment to his

MU DRURY L fute in this composer. N is its origina had been bru “Le Domino or three the Haymarket, stress, and n properly hea was played f it came befo work, and th as we recoll been expecte Arts in the re might have a score, “The ‘The Conve and colour. 4th. No. 896 to us the re The writing, even when modulation, beyond the whom he h one disputi

however, a very interesting antonomas coin.—An "extra-rare" medal of Sicyon brought only 2l. 14s., though of an unusually large size, &c.—A splendid gold coin of Hicetas, well worth 8l., sold for 17. 14s.—Lot 1417, a most scarce Byzantine coin relating to "the wise men's offering," produced 10s. only.—Lot 1433, a probably unique silver medallion, with heads of the Emperors Maximian and Diocletian, one on each side, sold for 4l. 3s. to a dealer, in opposition to the British Museum's agent.

The drawings, sketches, and unfinished paintings of the late Mr. Haydon were sold, last week; and, notwithstanding the interest with which circumstances have surrounded his name, and the crowd who attended, sold, in general, for trifling prices. The principal lot was the large picture of 'Alfred and the First British Jury,' upon which the unfortunate deceased was at work shortly prior to his death; and against the sale of this a protest was offered, in the room. The auctioneer, however, stating that he had a commission to purchase it for 200l., put it up at that sum, without regarding the protest; and, there being no advance, it was knocked down—as was understood, to Sir Robert Peel.—The subscription for the family of the unfortunate artist amounts, now, to about 1,700l.

We see, by the daily papers, that Mr. Gwilt, the architect, has been robbed of the silver-gilt snuff-box which was presented to him for "his able restoration of the beautiful specimen of early English architecture, the Ladye Chapel, St. Saviour's, Southwark"—to which he gratuitously gave his scientific and valuable services,—besides a great variety of English and Roman coins, in gold and silver, and other articles of value.

The following paragraph we find in the continental papers,—and give it as we find it. Our readers will expect, like ourselves, to hear something more of the matter before they accept it in all its parts:—"A discovery has just been made, in Rome, of a picture by Michael-Angelo, and another by Raphael. The former represents the depositing of Christ in the Sepulchre; and the latter is the portrait of the celebrated Cardinal del Monte—exactly resembling that which Raphael painted, of the same churchman, in the fresco of the Vatican which represents the institution of the Canon Law. These two were bought, amongst other old pictures;—the Michael-Angelo by Mr. Mac Caul, a young Scotch painter;—and the Raphael by Signor Cardeni, a dealer in objects of art. On the back of the frame of the work by Buonarroti is a small tin plate, stamped with the arms of the Farnese family.—We may mention that the ex-king, Louis Bonaparte, has bequeathed his colossal bust, by Canova, representing the Emperor Napoleon, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and left the sum of 60,000 francs for the erection of a monument to his family at St. Leu, near Paris.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—M. Auber has had an untoward fate in this country, considering his reputation as a composer. Not one of his operas has been produced in its original form, till after the bloom (so to say) had been brushed off by imperfect hearings. Thus, 'Le Domino,' though given some years ago, at two or three theatres—without the music,—and at the Haymarket, the other day—with one solitary song-dress, and neither chorus nor orchestra,—was never properly heard here till Monday evening; when it was played for M. Coudere's benefit. Then, though it came before the public with the air of a hacknied work, and though its performance was not *Parisian*, as we recollect it, its success was what might have been expected. Were M. Auber a Professor of *Fine Arts* in the sense of M. Victor Hugo and others, he might have honourably entitled the three acts of his score, 'The Ball-room,' 'The Gallant's Supper,' and 'The Convent.' Each has its own special charm and colour. The first, with its opening trio [*vide Ath. No. 890*], and its final duett, has always seemed to us the *ne plus ultra* of elegance, ease and grace. The writing, too, is exquisite: M. Auber never failing, even when he is ariest, to throw in some touch of modulation, some caprice of accompaniment, totally beyond the reach of the foolish tune-makers with whom he has been unfairly confounded. Let any one disputing our assertion consider, in the Nuns'

chorus, Act the third of 'Le Domino,' the *solo* of *Angele*, with the concerted 'Qu'elle est gentille,' and the exit of the chorus to 'Les cloches argentines.' Let him also examine the opening of the *Cantique* (No. 13 of the score), with the organ behind the scenes, and the tenor *solo* on the stage; and he will find in both, besides picturesque fancy, that masterly freedom to which we pointed last week, and which belongs only to musicians of the highest order.

The musical execution of 'Le Domino' was but mediocre. Mdlle. Charton, though her grace and prettiness enchanted the public into two or three *encores*, cannot touch the passages written for a Cinti Damoreau; while the uncertainty of her intonation is a drawback in all the smoother melodies which abound throughout the opera. We fear that to M. Coudere might now be applied Mr. Rogers's apostrophe 'To a voice that was lost.' His seems gone, "past praying for;" but his acting is so admirable, so gentlemanly, and, in the Third Act, so pathetic and impassioned, as to prove that he has another kind of stage success before him, whenever it pleases him to enter upon it. M. Barielle was quaint and comical as *Gil Perez*; and gave the capital couplets, 'Nous allons avoir,' with such spirit as to gain a riotous *encore*.

We have called M. Auber's fate untoward. Nowhere else than in England would a second opera by the same composer, in which the best singers of the company were cast,—'Le Philtre,' with Madame Laborde, MM. Massol, Boulo, and Zelger,—have been given *after* such a work as 'Le Domino Noir,'—beginning, that is, at eleven o'clock. Yet, the music by its beauty, and the singers by their brilliancy, finish, spirit, and the excellence of their acting, triumphed over all disadvantages. So admirable, indeed, is 'Le Philtre' (need we mention that it is the French setting of the same story which furnishes Donizetti's 'L'Elisir?') that we may, possibly, speak of it in a separate article. The *finale* to the first act was worth the price of a full evening's entertainment.

ST. JAMES'S.—It may be questioned whether a feeble play was ever sustained by a great actress than M. Alexandre Soumet's 'Jeanne d'Arc,'—which Mdlle. Rachel gave yesterday week. The selection of one passage of the heroine's history, its catastrophe,—and one phase of her character, the Martyr—was, possibly, forced upon the dramatist by the necessary adherence to those wondrous canons, the *Unities*,—by which their life-breath has been tampered out of so many spirited, various, and impassioned stories. But the Poet, if he had had "a soul above the Academy," even in his attire of powder and furbelow and *chapeau bras*, would have been inspired by his subject—as Corneille and Racine were by the legends which they wrought into tragedy,—to say something about it, however trammelled beyond the power of *doing* anything with it! Now, so far as our English acumen enables us to distinguish one tirade from another (a faculty the existence of which we doubt not French critics would dispute), nothing can be poorer or more commonplace than the verse—whether in narration of her past visions before her judges, or in endeavour to revive the patriotism of the Duke of Burgundy, or in farewell to her father and peasant-sisters—given by M. Soumet to *La Pucelle*. Neither does any constructive power redeem his tragedy from the character of mediocrity; and it grieved us to see so noble and conscientious an artist reduced to throw away a chance which might have made so splendid a figure in her career. 'Jeanne d'Arc,' if fairly treated, might have been to Mdlle. Rachel what *Lady Macbeth* was to Mrs. Siddons.

As matters stood, the great actress sustained, without adding to, her reputation. The heroic element having been largely discharged (so to say) from the character, she endeavoured to work out her effects with its devotion. This, however, with her, was more grave and thoughtful than enthusiastic. It seemed as if the woman had resolved to obey the mandates of her ministering spirits,—in place of the maiden being borne upward by them, as upon "a flame of fire."

On the whole, Mdlle. Rachel has never been so thoroughly relished in England as during this her third visit. The vastness of the Italian Opera House was disadvantageous to her; and the support afforded her at the St. James's Theatre has been, at least, re-

spectable. With her, we take leave of the French performances for this season: hoping that they have been as satisfactory to their manager as they have to his audiences.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—We hear that Mr. Balfé has signed his engagement as conductor to the Italian Opera for next season; and that he is about to re-set 'Les Mousquetaires de la Reine,' or some other French opera book, for Drury Lane,—the work to be produced before the close of this year. We are told, too, that Mdlle. Sanchioli is already retained for 1847.—The scheme for Italian operas at Covent Garden is said to have "been dispersed in empty air," owing to Signor Persiani's sudden retirement from the undertaking.—The Paris Italian Company for the winter season is announced to consist of Messrs. Grisi, Persiani, Marietta Brambilla, another lady of the same name (the number now becoming rather puzzling), and Albini; MM. Mario, Corelli, Lablache, Ronconi, Cullini, Tagliafico, and Coletti.

We were present, a few days since, at a private performance of the airs and duets of a French MS. comic opera by M. Godefroid; which were excellently sung by Mesdames Laborde and Guichard, MM. Boulo and Zelger, of the Belgian company, to a large audience of the musical profession, &c. The performance, not being public, hardly comes within the scope of criticism: but, as it was not strictly private, we may be allowed to express our pleasure in the grace, piquancy, and elegance of the music we heard; which seemed to us in the good French style—gay, fresh, and nicely written.

Ever since the days of Cain and Abel, Rivalry has indulged itself in strange vagaries. Who has forgotten Queen Elizabeth's dancing and singing, to extort handsome words from Melvil, at the expense of his "winsome" mistress, the Queen of Scots? What musical reader but remembers Michael Kelly's anecdote of the *bomba* of the rival *cantatrici*?—a reproduction, by the way, of the civil warfare of Phillis and Brunetta, described in the *Spectator*.—A rumour has been going the round of some of the journals, which is little less whimsical. Spurred, it may be supposed, by the example of Rossini's statue at the *Académie*, the powers that manage such ovations are said to be projecting, for the Opera House at Berlin, an equestrian effigy of Meyerbeer!! This can be but a good story:—if it prove true, we shall look for a military trophy to Colonel Rubini at Bergamo, and, on College Green, Dublin, for a Nelson column to Mr. Balfé!—To pass from jest to earnest: the Association of Artist-Musicians, at Paris, has resolved to share in doing honour to the memory of Gluck, by performing a solemn Requiem in the Church of St. Eustache, on the 20th of this month; the funeral mass chosen being that by M. Berlioz.

Meanwhile, some Italian journals are loud in praise of a new Chorus which Rossini is said to have composed in praise of the clemency of The Pope,—while others declare it to be merely a *morceau* from some forgotten opera (the work not specified) set to new words. So magnificently unscrupulous has been the Pesarese maestro in contriving—

a double debt to pay,

with his operas—*vide* his 'Maometto,' 'Comte Ory,' and half-a-dozen less signal instances,—that, should this recent transaction be proved, we must needs fall back into our first incredulity with regard to the amount of new music to be added to 'La Donna del Lago.' The manner in which the figure of this rises and falls, as the time draws nearer, reminds us of the Stock Exchange rather than the world of Art.

At the recent examination of the students of the Paris *Conservatoire*, the first prize in violin-playing (always most sharply contested) was carried off by a boy of the name of Wienaski, pupil to M. Massart, aged only eleven years! This reminds us that we were hearing, the other day, on undeniable authority, satisfactory tidings of the great and steady progress made by the boy Joachim,—who bids fair to add another to the list of great European musicians. Since the week came in, too, a correspondent has told us of the brilliant success of the Mdlles. Milanollo, in Switzerland,—who gave, at Zurich, three crowded concerts in the same week.

A one-act opera, 'Le Caquet du Convent,' has been produced at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris,—and succeeded;—the music by M. Henri Potier,

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